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FAREWELL.

BY RITA.

We do not know how much we love,
Until we come to leave;
An aged tree, a common flower,
Are things o'er which we grieve.
There is a pleasure in the pain
That brings us back the past again.

We linger while we turn away,
We cling while we depart;
And memories unmarked till then,
Come crowding round the heart.
Let what will lure our onward way,
Farewell's a bitter word to say.

A Desperate Deed.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCH WORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.—(CONTINUED).

WHERE is Lilian? demanded Aunt Clara.

Sir Geoffrey walked over to the mantel, rang the bell.

"At the lodge. The Earl is with her."

And then, a servant appearing, he gave him his master's order.

"Such a crazy thing of Lilian to rush off as she did!" began Aunt Clara, glad to have someone to hear her grievances. "When Harold came to me looking for her, I said, 'I don't know—don't ask me!' And then he found Iva, and she sent to ask Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Brown said she had gone out. Out!" working herself up to an exalted pitch of indignation.

"Yes," muttered Sir Geoffrey absently.

He was staring gloomily at the burned out fire in the grate.

"At the height of the ball!" resumed the irate Aunt Clara. "And the house full of guests. I declare it gave me quite a shock. And I said to Iva. 'My dear, tell them she has been taken suddenly ill.' It would sound so much better, you know. But she would not. To everyone who asked her she said the little boy at the lodge was dying, and the Countess had gone to him. So of course they soon broke up and went away. They said it was very compassionate of her, and all that sort of thing, but I'm sure I don't know what they thought!"

And she bobbed her head in condemnation till her triple chin quivered.

Iva came slowly up to them. Her dainty ball dress shimmered as she moved. She had thrown her flowers aside, taken off her gloves.

She had never looked so womanly before, Sir Geoffrey decided, as he glanced up. There was no coquetry, no pride, in that sweet and serious face.

"Poor mamma! it is a shock for her. She was so fond of him. I hope she has not taken cold!"

"No—yes!"

He was thinking how his recent discoveries had altered all things for him—had cut the ground from under his feet, as it were.

Here he had been wooing Lady Iva Romaine, even presenting himself to her father as her suitor, and all the time his own wife lived under the same roof with them both.

A distracting complication! How had it come about? Was it deliberately compassed? It was like a chapter out of a novel—a flashy, sensational novel at that. Not an occurrence one would deem possible in a luxurious English home, among people possessing acute perception and almost aggressively alert intelligence.

With her hands lightly resting on the back of one of the high, carved chairs, Lady Iva stood listening for the roll of carriage wheels. Opposite lounged Sir Geoffrey Damyn. And seated between them, the personification of ponderous propriety, was Aunt Clara.

She felt that she ought not retire till the others arrived. She did not like being kept out of her bed till this unearthly hour, so by constant consideration of her deplorable plight she kept her wrath simmering.

"If Lilian had only asked my advice, I would have said, 'Your presence won't keep him alive, then where is the use of going?' But she never would consult me. All Stuart's children were headstrong. Many a time I've said to my brother, 'Rule them or they will rule you.' But even he would accept no good counsel, and so when Charlie got into trouble, I said to him——"

"Charlie!"

It was Damyn who echoed the name.

Aunt Clara fidgeted uneasily.

"I suppose you knew about him—Stuart's son? He is in Australia. But, as I was saying, Lilian should have come to—— There they are!"

Sir Geoffrey straightened up. She had told him the truth after all, then, about that wretched night in London!

Iva went hurriedly to the door.

Steps just without. They came in.

"Oh, little mamma, how tired you must be!" the girl cried.

The Countess was leaning heavily on the Earl's arm. She looked pitifully pale and worn. A great depression, a weary languor seemed overshadowing, crushing her.

Damyn felt a throb of pity. How she must have suffered to-night! If she had sinned, surely her punishment was supreme and stern.

"Yes," she assented, spiritlessly. "I believe I shall go to my room."

Up the broad, black stairway she dragged her costly, gleaming draperies, heavy with wet and snow. Over her haggard face the diamonds in her hair flashed with mocking brilliance.

The Earl turned to Damyn.

"Come into the dining-room and have a glass of brandy. You are played out."

He was not; he was elated. His doubts were at rest; he could afford to be amiable now.

Aunt Clara rose, shook out her purple brocade. She was like an old warhorse which smells powder.

"I'll go, too, Harold. And perhaps you can get me a bone of cold game, or a plate—some such trifle. A glass of Madeira, too, and a taste—just a snack—of spiced beef; and a hint—a mere hint—of Worcestershire sauce. I never eat much, as I used to tell dear Paul; my appetite is too delicate—almost capricious. 'Give me a little,' I used to say to him, 'little but good—very good and very often.' Poor, dear Paul!"

And she gave her jolly old face a reminiscent rub, and pocketing her gloves, bore down on the sideboard "like a wolf on the fold."

CHAPTER XLV.

Not long did Lady Iva sleep. An inexplicable sense of trouble weighed on her through her dreams.

She awoke, wondering what was wrong.

Yes, now she recalled it, now she knew—little Willie was dead!

Dead! What a horrible word! She hated even to think of it.

Young was the winter morning—Christmas morning—dull and gray and frosty, too, when she was downstairs and through the arched doorway, and going straightly and rapidly down the avenue.

Except a few servants, no one in the Castle was yet astir.

At the lodge the blinds were drawn, the door closed. At her knock, Mrs. Lester opened the latter.

For a brief space the old woman's spectacled orbs dwelt on the visitor, the tall, slender girl, dressed all in dark velvet and silvery furs.

"May I see him?"

Without waiting for an answer, she went in.

The familiar little house! She knew every nook and corner of it. Be sure she knew Willie's bedroom—the corner where his cot stood.

Straightly she passed to it, bent and kissed him as she would have done were he only sleeping, and she had come to wish him a merry Christmas, and give him the prancing rocking horse and the drum she had bought for him a week ago at Rothlyn.

Smooth and snowy was the little couch. Rough were the hands which had done the work—rough and tremulous—but they had done it well.

The sheet was folded evenly back. Under it he lay. The small white night-gowned body; the glimpse of pearly throat betwixt the embroidered ruffle and waxen chin; the little perfect-featured face chilled by the Great Magician from rose-flesh to purest Parian marble; the clustering, golden curls; the pretty, dimpled hands, clasped and cold, and oh, so horribly quiet!

"Oh, Willie—little Willie! We did not love you enough when we had you—did we, darling? And yet who did we love so well—mamma and I—as you?"

Long her fresh young lips rested on the wee fingers, which would make no more mischief, creep no more into fruit forbidden, however coveted—long and lovingly.

But their warmth could give no motions, all the glow and glory of her young womanhood no spark to the little body.

Granny Morris came in, gave a look at the two and went away.

They had been rare good friends, Lady Iva and the laddie.

It was late, a good two hours before the Earl's daughter rose from beside the bed, left the sweet sleeper, went out into the cheerful kitchen.

Slices of bacon were sizzling on the fire, and Mrs. Lester was making tea.

On a wooden shelf stood a donkey—at least it was apparently originally intended for a donkey. But surely its coloring was incorrect. Surely our dear Caleb Plummer would not have painted that quadruped's body yellow, and its head magenta!

Granny glanced up, nodded toward the nondescript animal.

"For him," she explained, tersely. "And how he'd have loved it. And now he isn't here!"

And the old woman made a dash for her knitting, and bent her gray head very low over it.

The sun had decided to put in an appearance, but the air was still bitingly cold, when Lady Iva came out of the southern lodge and hurried home.

With many a merry word, many a gay greeting, Lord Silverdale's guests assembled in the breakfast-room.

The ball was such a success! There never was a more satisfactory affair! And they had enjoyed themselves so much! And to think this really was Christmas Day! The little child in whom the Countess was kind enough to take an interest, was he better? No? Dead? Oh, that was too bad! But what entrancing music that orchestra did render! How nice cavalry officers always were! And would the frost hold out? If the lake would only freeze!

Full of repose, sympathy, more than aught else that simplicity which unfailingly stamps the possessor of high birth and high breeding. Lady Iva sat at the head of her father's table and did the honors this crisp and golden Christmas morning.

She noticed that Sir Geoffrey looked paler than usual, as though he had not slept well. In truth he had not slept at all.

"Such charming people, you know," Mr. Christie confided to Aunt Clara, "and so many pretty girls! Now, thayah was that little Miss—Miss Dallas—what was her name—Miss Nora Dallas. Just as bewitching—give you my word—as a——"

"A chicken rissole!" interrupted his companion, holding out her plate, and most unsympathetically deaf to his declaration of approval.

He put up his brand new eye glass, but it would not stick, so he was obliged to glare at her without its assistance.

But she serenely informed him there was nothing she preferred to rissoles for breakfast, when the cook could be relied on.

He wilted.

Lady Iva sent him a bright glance of consolation.

He immediately turned to her.

"I saw you coming up the avenue this morning. You were out early."

"Yes; I went down to the lodge." And then, failing to produce a gleam of comprehension on his cheerfully vacant countenance, she explained: "Where the little boy died."

"Aw, yes! *C'est grand dommage!*"

"Now don't!" protested Mr. O'Donnell, who had changed his headquarters to the castle.

"Sir?"

"I said don't. Be persuaded. Don't."

Wrathfully and blankly Mr. Christie regarded his *vis a vis*.

"Don't what?"

The benign personage across the table laid down his coffee cup, sighed deeply and shook his head.

"How can you ask such a question? Your own sense of delicacy, of tact, I might say of common politeness——"

"Sir!"

The florid face of Mr. Randolph Christie fairly glowed.

With a good deal of suppressed enjoyment the others listened.

"Keep cool. You know now—I appeal to your chivalry—you know it isn't right at all to speak in such a manner to a lady!"

"I?—to a lady?" darting indignant glances around the table. "I speak rudely to a lady? You misunderstood me, sir, I simply said——"

"Now don't—like a good boy!"

The old gentleman laid down knife and fork and held up his hands protestingly.

"Don't repeat it. Once was bad enough."

"Aw!" gasped Christie, in a high state of excitement, appealing to Lady Iva. "I merely remarked in French that it was a great pity—that was all, I assure you!"

A general laugh went round.

"It's a good way to try and get out of it!" commented Mr. O'Donnell. "But I am familiar with the French language."

This in a tone of convicting severity.

But here Christie got in a crack at him, as Geoffrey Damyn put it.

"Soah I should judge from youah strong forhen accent," responded the attacked.

Amid universal laughter they rose.

The worm—with the eye glass—had turned!

CHAPTER XLVI.

The guests dispersed.

Up to his wife's apartments hurried the Earl.

A changed man was he this morning—no longer moody, sullen-browed, unreliable.

They all had remarked the alteration.

His fine, blue-eyed, bearded face was bright as a boy's, and he whistled as he ran up the stairs three steps at a time.

"Up and dressed! Well, that is good! You feel better, then, dear—rested?"

The Countess turned from the mirror before which she stood completing her toilet.

A very different figure this the great glass reflected from the glowing young beauty it had framed last night.

She was clad in black—soft lustreless black. She looked exhausted; more than than sorrowful. Sleep, such as she had secured, had brought her no refreshment.

But she smiled as she looked up at her husband. Indeed, the warmth, the friendliness of his manner, was delightful, irresistible.

At the mad moment of her confession last night she had thought all was forfeited all made known. She was stung by remorse to the declaration, by the futile desire to make a sacrifice of reputation, by a form of self stabbing to atone.

And even as she had cried out the words she had felt a sense of relief. She had flung aside the the mask of her motherhood. Let who would behold the face beneath.

But no; he would not take her at her word. He gave her assertion no credit, no belief.

And was she not glad, after all, of that faithful incredulity?

"Oh, yes, you are good not to scold me for rushing off in that foolish fashion last night."

How delicate, spirituelle she looked! She was white as the snow without; and her eyes were so mournful! Even their smiling seemed sadder than tears to day.

Lord Silverdale was quite touched.

Had he been unkind? he questioned himself, very rigorously—unkind or neglectful? He hoped not; but perhaps so. Perhaps she had suffered, while he supposed himself a victim.

He laughed, put his arm round her, drew her into the boudoir.

"Scold—my dear, why should I? Your bit of impulsiveness only evidenced to me what an unselfish and warm-hearted little wife was mine."

Unselfish? warm-hearted? and the child dying was her child! How like bitterest sarcasm sounded the painful words.

"Just see what a morning! Our first Christmas together, and an ideal one, isn't it?"

He had pushed the curtain of deep hued plush still further back, insisted on her looking out.

And what a sight it was, to be sure! The winding avenue, the trim hedges, the magnificent oaks, the level terraces and billowy deer park, all covered with a glorious snow-kissed shroud—swansdown sparkled over with diamonds.

And above the sky was intensely blue flecked here and there with foamy rifts and drifts of clouds.

"Yes," she murmured.

What was it all to her—its gleam, its glisten, it frosty fairness, its exhilarating keenness and tingle? At her own great gates did not her child lie dead?

Lord Silverdale looked down on her with a puzzled air. He shook her gently.

"You silly baby!" he said. "I believe you are breaking your heart over the wee chap who went away this morning!"

She tried to answer; her lips quivered so she simply could not speak at all. But she clasped his arm, held to it tightly.

It was so pleasant to have him, gentle, loving, and tender again. She fairly sunned herself—her poor, chill little self—in his flooding fondness, in his protection, his fervor. To be with him now, after her night of terror—oh, it was like holding out one's hands to a cheerful blaze when one is numbed to the heart with cold!

How she shrank to him! how instinctively she turned to him for comfort! He felt positively proud, flattered.

"Lilian, love, do you remember telling me in this very room a few weeks ago—or was it months?—a tale which you prefaced by describing as a sad little story?"

Did she recall it? Ah, yes!

"Well, now I want to tell you one."

She turned from the casement, walked over to her own particular chair by the hearth, sank tiredly into its puffy depths.

"Mine isn't even as long as was yours," he continued smilingly. "Mine is about a man who overheard such queer exclamations and scraps of talk between his wife and a guest of his he became most ridiculously jealous, most perversely and stupidly morbid. But one night he found out that the man he was beginning to despise so thoroughly had been the lover of his wife's sister. That all their conversations had referred to her. Discovered, too, that out of her true woman's heart, out of her love and her loyalty, was this dear girl wife of his guarding and caring for a little — Why, Lilian!"

She had risen. Whiter she could not be. But now her beautiful eyes were full of absolute terror.

"Stop!" she cried.

Oh, it was unbearable! that he should, with caresses and worship, with self-scourging and admiring devotion, tell her how he honored her for her love of her sister's memory, for her pity for that sister's child! Unbearable? Oh, it was torture! It was worse than suspicion, harder to endure than scorn itself.

"You are angry—is that it?—because I was commencing to be unkind—distrustful. Sweetheart, I am that no longer, I know no the real value of my wife—how infinitely she is above all other women!"

She said nothing. She must repress her insane passion to protest the truth. She must. He was happy. Why, she told herself, pitifully, it would be cruel of her to say aught now!

Like that of a child was the small form standing black-robed and still in the splendid December sunshine. Her fair, little, gemmed hands hung loosely clasped before her. But surely child never wore a face so wan, so utterly weary.

"You do not ask me about Marguerite—about Willie!" she began.

"Dear, I need not. It was of your sister you and Damyn spoke last night, I know. Was it not?"

Stiffly she bent her head.

"And the child was theirs. There is no necessity of noising the story. If possible we will keep it quiet. Not that there is any disgrace attached to it," he added, hastily, fearing he had hurt her feelings; "but it might be unpleasant for Iva to have the affair talked about. I have every hope that before another Christmas Day dawns she will marry Sir Geoffrey. Sunnyside is a delightful place, and Damyn would make a capital husband, I know. What do you think, love?"

He could not understand why she put up her hands and pressed them over her eyes a moment as though the golden sunshine hurt them.

"I know that Geoff——"

"Hark! Is not that the first bell for lunch? You did not hear it? I am sure it was. Let us go and see. If we hurry," with an exultant, rather hysterical little laugh, "we may reach the dining room before Aunt Clara."

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE day—Christmas Day—was almost done. All the western sky was streaked with cardinal, flooded with waves of mellow flame. And the far-away fields caught the ruddy and golden reflections, and held them tenderly for a little while.

Just now in Silverdale Castle every one did as he or she listed.

In the drawing-room was music, chatter, singing; in the library some read; in the smoking-room the older men congregated.

Here was the satiny sound of a woman's gown; there a young laugh rang out merrily; now came a rush of flying feet down the grand stairway; again firm fingers, with the love of music in their very touch, struck operatic chords.

At the head of the staircase was a curious little five-sided room—the den they called it—why, no one knew.

It was delightfully draped and furnished in velors of many hues and harmonious tints. Here hung a few exquisite pictures. Here were carved bracket book cases, holding rare editions of the poets. Here a great mass of hot house blooms on a little gilded table. Here the dying daylight. And here, too, the Countess of Silverdale.

She had escaped it all for a brief space. The talk of the disastrous match Lady Estelle had made; of the actress from America who was coming over to electrify them; of Millais' latest success; of the new singer at Milan.

Soon must she rouse herself to dress for the Christmas dinner. These few moments of repose, solitude, would strengthen her for the ordeal of the evening. For a bitter ordeal, with her heart so heavy, it certainly would be?

What though wit flashed diamond bright? What though the lights were most brilliant, the viands delicious, the wines exhilarating? What though in her drawing-room gathered to-night the very cream of London society. What would be to her all the glow, the glitter, the pleasantry, the beauty, the fashion, and the grace? What the knowledge that she was the queen of the courtly throng, the pride and the bride of a Silverdale of Silverdale Castle?

Nothing!

Would she not see across it all, beyond the waxlights and flowers, a tiny; waxen face set in the sweetness, the unutterable sadness of the only dreamless sleep?

Over the hum of the languid voices, over bursts of laughter, over clink of china and ring of glass, over song and story and triumphant Christmas music, would she not hear a weak voice which held in its broken beauty the chirp of a little bird, saying. "What does mamma mean!"

Yes—oh yes! Not only now, not only to-night, but ever and forever.

That Harold had again grown kind, had flung aside doubt, seemed to love her, brought her to-day no consolation.

In dreary desolation, in aching woe, she and her conscience were alone together.

Just beyond, through a great transom of stained glass, the last rays of daylight came glorified, rose and amber and amethyst, purple and ruby and gold.

Below the splendid-colored square hung heavy portieres of Oriental rugs, for this little ante-room was really but one entrance to the grand picture gallery beyond.

Soon would her portrait hang on those lovely walls, the Countess told herself.

The Earl had commissioned a famous artist to come down the following spring, for the express purpose of conveying to canvas the lovely, gray-eyed face of the latest lady of Silverdale.

If they, long since denizens of another world, could behold the portrait placed among their aristocratic selves, and seeing it, could comprehend the strategy which had given it such an honored place, might they not step down from their great, gilded frames some silent night and tear her picture from the desecrated walls?

An absurd fancy! She almost smiled as it grew into being.

Ah, look!

She rose erect in her chair, grasped both arms, with her slim, nervous fingers.

There, over there, were not the curtains pushed back? Was not a face looking in upon her?

Up! She was on her feet. She tried to cry out. She could not; all her faculties seemed benumbed.

The figure of the intruder was not visible; only the face appeared. Against the lightsome background the features were not at first distinct, but they grew in positiveness.

Still, staring, rigid, the Countess stood.

"Lilian!"

Ah, she had found speech at last! But such a hoarse cry—such a quavering cry!

Instantly the vision vanished, the curtains fell together.

One step forward my lady took.

This was the second time. Was the apparition what old country people called a "fetich?" Was its presence a warning, or only a reproach?

"Lilian?"

No answer.

And now she became bold.

She hurried forward, thrust aside the thick, hanging stuff. Before her, long, dim, magnificent, stretched the picture gallery.

From the walls fair faces and noble looked grimly, simperingly, haughtily, sweetly; but—and she looked up and down the polished boards—no human creature was in sight.

She pressed her hand to her forehead. What a trick her imagination had played her!

She turned listlessly away.

Ghosts? spirits? There were no such things—just shapes made out of words with which to frighten children.

The door opened; Sir Geoffrey Damyn came in.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

HE HAD been in search of her. Instantly she felt convinced of that.

Involuntarily she took a look around. Was there no escape?" None.

Then she advanced.

"Ah, Sir Geoffrey, in search of solitude?"

After all she asked herself wearily, what difference did his presence or his absence make to her now. Surely the worst had come—was over.

Woman-like, she had refused—absolutely refused—to consider the most important question of all—was she, or was she not, Lady Damyn? On the answer to that query her fate, his, Lord Silverdale's perhaps even Iva's, hinged.

"I have sought you," he said, "to demand an explanation. One," he added, coldly, "to which I am entitled."

The moment was suspicious for him.

She was still shaking from vague, ungovernable fear, weary from her wretched night, her agonizing day.

"Ah!"

Only the nonchalant monosyllable with a faint, rising inflection.

His brow grew dark. Surely he might speak out. He had closed the door behind him. And the picture gallery was deserted at this hour.

"Marguerite!" A visible shudder shook her from head to feet, but he went on relentlessly: "Marguerite, did you think I was dead, false, what, when you married Silverdale?"

It was asked now. No answer came.

"Or," steadily his eyes met hers, "or did you ever marry Silverdale at all?"

And still she did not speak. She simply had no reply ready. Her usually bright brain was stupefied from sleeplessness, grief. Her considered her silence defiance.

He turned toward the door.

"I suppose I must ask the Earl for an explanation then," he said.

"No, no!"

She was startled at last into energy. She sprang after him.

He swung around on his heel, and stood in a sort of passionate patience before her.

The light which fell through the dividing transom was growing dimmer.

One scarlet ray fell over her, touching her dark hair her pallad face, and slanted down her sombre draperies.

"I will tell you the truth."

Quite huskily were the words spoken.

He folded his arms and waited.

"She—Marguerite—was true to Captain Damyn, as I told you last night."

A sarcastic smile curled his lips.

"And yet she——"

"Stop!" she flung up her hand with an imperious gesture. "Listen! Soon after she returned to her aunt's house from that seaside town, a man brought her back her few poor trifles which this lover of hers had sworn were so dear and precious to him."

"I sent them back. You know why."

She strangled a fierce sob.

"Know? She knew only what Reuben told her."

He did not relax his steady, searching gaze. There was no sign of flinching though, in the burning eyes which met his.

"And that?"

Her pale face blazed.

"That? He said her lover had tired of her. That she never had been legally married at all. That he in disguise, had assumed the part of minister at his master's command. That——"

But she paused almost frightened.

His hands fell heavily to his sides. He took one stride forward. On her wrist his fingers closed with savage force.

"Say that again!"

The red ray slipped from off her gown.

Bravely she looked up.

"That," she went on, "Captain Damyn was sailing for Calcutta. On his return he was to wed his cousin. Later," and now her speech came chokingly, "later, this wretch offered to marry her—Marguerite—to make her an honest woman! Think of it—he to make her an honest woman! And when she scorned and spurned him, he—he said——"

She broke down.

"Go on!" hoarsely.

The clutch on her arms was torturing now.

"That his master," thickly and pantingly came her breath, "had left her to him, just as he gave him—the clothes he wearied of and the cravats he discarded!"

Silence—profoundest, most passionful silence.

It was he who spoke first.

"And now you believed it?"

"How could she doubt it? Her love tokens were returned; he had left England."

"And then—you married the Earl?"

Had she committed herself irrevocably? Was all lost? Or would one persistent protest save her yet? She had played her part so conscientiously these last few months it really was second nature to do so now.

"Soon after, yes—I married the Earl."

If it had only so happened that a year ago Lord Silverdale had loved her, proposed to her, there could be no such maddening dilemma as now existed.

Damyn could claim her, of course, equally well, with justice and right on his side. But now that the Earl had considered he had wedded Lilian Woodville, and this man declared the woman was Marguerite Damyn, and his lawful wife, how could she confirm the one and satisfy the other.

Plainly, any attempt at an explanation must result in a monstrous exposure.

She was Lilian to the Earl; she must remain so. To lie, to deny, to resist, to battle with suspicion which was almost certainty, to baffle conviction, to conquer truth itself—this was her task.

"Marguerite——"

She wrenched her wrist free.

"Marguerite died!"

He drew his breath hard. Twilight was filling the room. He knew he confronted a desperate woman—he must use desperate weapons.

"How then," and his voice rang out, not loud, but as distinct as steel on steel, "do I

find her here, personating the wife of the Earl of Silverdale?"

CHAPTER XLIX.

IN VAIN! He would not believe her then—would accept no denial. Reiteration? It would be waste of breath.

Would she throw down her hand, confess, depend on his mercy? Never! Why the world, life, would be over and done with for her if the story of that night at the little country inn were ever to become known.

Harold would banish her. She could not go back to Damyn. He was too proud too receive her now, even if she wished to return to him. Ah, what man would not be?

"What nonsensical speeches you make!" she cried, with a poor rickety attempt at a laugh.

Silently he moved away from her toward the door.

"Where are you going?"

"Into town."

"Why?"

"To telegraph my lawyer to find and send me a copy of my marriage papers."

A sudden fear froze her.

"And then?"

So sullenly the gloaming was filling the room.

"And then," slowly with emphasis, "I shall take my story to the Earl—my belief, my accusation!"

Such a determined tone!—iron resolve in every note of it.

A wild, womanish rage took possession of her.

"If you do," she cried, fiercely, "I will kill you."

A mad, foolish threat, such as a child might have made.

But Lionel Curzon, pausing just without the door, his grasp on the handle, heard, paused; then with a feeling of actual dismay went in.

Geoffrey Damyn's amused, weary laugh was sounding through the room.

"Lady Silverdale! I beg your pardon," as he stumbled over a chair, "but coming from the light, I can hardly see. Lady Iva sent me to look for you. She said I would find you here, and must bring you down for a cup of tea."

The Countess laughed pleasantly.

"Is it really late enough for tea?" in her rich, half-mocking voice. "I was being so delightfully entertained I had no idea it was time for such a very important performance as kettledrum."

Young Curzon was puzzled. Was it this *insouciante* and serene little lady before him who had cried out so savagely a minute ago, "If you do, I will kill you?"

Of course it might merely be a phrase in some story she had been telling; but no! it had sounded indisputably earnest, most intensely realistic.

The three passed out of the door, down the great galleried and pillared stairway.

In the hall below were lights and laughter, the *frou frou* of silks, the cozy clatter of china, entrancing idleness, gossip, enjoyment, flirtation.

A little tempest of raillery greeted them as they descended. They had come at last, and my lady had surely been stealing a nap—on Christmas Day, too!

The idea of any one committing a theft on Christmas Day!

And where had Sir Geoffrey been? Inditing an epistle to a mahogany-hued inamorata at Calcutta? For shame! Indeed, neither deserved any tea.

With a laughing protest, my lady put both her pretty pink palms to her ears, made her way across the polished, tiger-skinned floor to where, in an exquisite tea-gown of violet velvet, Lady Iva presided over the urn.

"Don't listen to my defamers; heed not their heartless suggestions!" she pleaded. "But give me a cup, like a darling, and make it, as Paddy preferred his punch—hot, strong, and sweet!"

"Take care!" called out Mr. O'Donnell—"I'm a Paddy, you know."

Lady Iva's lovely lips softened into a bewitching smile.

"Then more power to you!" she cried gally.

How the great fire did crackle! and how the sparks flew up the chimney's cavernous throat. And the light went flashing and flickering everywhere—the cherry red light.

It fell on the big jars of *potpourri*; it set the silver glistening; it brought out the delicious daffodil of a woman's gown; it ran ruddily over the tiered weapons upon the walls; it turned the chimney shields to burnished gold; it lit the whole old hall with a thousand dancing beams, a thousand glowing, uncertain reflections.

And it lingered most lovingly, Lionel Curzon thought, on Lady Iva's fair proud face her snowy, sparkling hand, her softly-massed shining hair, her quaint and dusk-hued velvet dress.

"Where are you off to, Damyn?"

It was the Earl's hearty voice which asked the question.

Sir Geoffrey, coated and spurred, busy with the door-bolt, turned his bronze head.

"To town."

The Earl started up.

"Why, hang it! no, old boy! You can't be in such a deuce of a hurry as all that. Why, you will never be back in time for dinner!"

His guest laughed shortly.

"Immensely sorry, Silverdale, but I must risk that. My business is urgent."

Did he shoot a significant glance at his hostess—a stern and defiant glance? Or did she imagine it?

"Is Solomon Moses driving you so hard as all that?" questioned Jimmie Talbot, gravely.

"Perhaps he is going to call on Nora Dallas, Jimmie," suggested Captain Richardson.

"Or to keep twilight tryst," proffered the Earl.

Bareheaded, shaggy-coated, the lamplight, the wavering crimson firelight full on his tawny head, the pale, delicate featured patrician face, he stood and laughed back at them.

"I cry you, mercy! While you bask in the fragrance of—of Oolong, I go out from Paradise to perdition."

"That is a new name for Rothlyn," mused Jimmie. "Never heard it before—Perdition."

"Hold on!" called Mr. O'Donnell. You know what Scott wrote:

"'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'T was Christmas told the merriest tale!'

"And I think Christmas should bring a good song with it, too. My dear," to Lady Iva, "before Sir Geoffrey goes, won't you sing the last you learned to please me? Ah do now!"

"Without notes—here?"

"We'll be more than content"—a gallant bow—"with the music of your voice.'"

She dropped the sugar-tongs to bring her hands together.

"Ah! how shall I thank you for so flattering an assertion?"

"By singing, my dear!" he said.

"But you will never hear me in this huge hall."

Mr. O'Donnel rose to the occasion.

"Ah, but we shall see you!"

She rose and swept him an exaggerated and graceful courtesy.

"Tell us truly—when did you kiss the blarney-stone?"

He shook his white head ruefully.

"Faith, never, my dear, or I wouldn't be a battered old bachelor to-night."

And then when the laugh had subsided, and they all joined in importuning her, the Earl's daughter, still sitting in her huge, throne-like chair, lifted her fresh, sweet, strong young voice and sang the song her old friend craved.

And at the door Sir Geoffrey Damyn paused and listened.

How plaintive it was, thrilling through the silence and the fireshine, that loyal Irish melody:

"Oh, what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?"

What, indeed?

A hesitant frown crossed the face of the man at the door.

He had loved Marguerite. He loved her to-day—now, when he was about to wrest her kingdom from her—more than he had ever loved the beautiful, stately girl he had purposed to marry if he could.

Pshaw! he must stick to his resolution. There was "villainy somewhere." He must, he would drag it out into the daylight.

The song was done. He joined in the eager approval of the others—turned to go.

"Ah, there is the dressing-bell," declared Lady Iva. "Can you not wait, Sir Geoffrey?"

With a bright, courteous smile on his lips, he wheeled around.

"I fear not. But I shall be back early—not later than half-past ten."

The others rose with laughter and bustle—prepared to disperse.

And Geoffrey Damyn went out into the cold and blowy Christmas night—out into the darkness and the drifting snow.

Behind him was light and laughter, and soft words and bright glances, and the gleam of jewels and the flutter of laces, and blithe badinage and the sound of daintily-slippered feet—all those enchanting trifles which go so far toward making existence a thing of grace and beauty. From it all he went forth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JACK-O'-THE-LANTERN.

A fiery appearance which, from its mysterious character, has given rise to a considerable quantity of folklore, is the ignis fatuus, or "vain or foolish fire." It is familiarly known by quite a number of names—Jack-o'the-lantern, Spunkie, Will-o'-the-Wisp, Fair Maid of Ireland, and others, and is a common phenomenon in old fashioned story books.

The inhabitants of some of the districts in Germany where Wills-o'-the Wisp appear believe them to be the souls of unchristened children, which, through being unbaptised ceaselessly hover between heaven and earth.

A story is told of a simple-minded clergyman going home one evening, when he saw three Wills-o'-the Wisp floating before him in the air. Calling to mind the superstition, he dipped his hand in a pond and repeated the words of the baptismal service over them.

In an instant—quick as thought, in fact—the good man was surrounded by thousands of little flickering blue lights, all anxious to have the same ceremony performed over them. The clergyman got such a fright that he took to his heels, and never stopped till he got safely to his own door.

It is sometimes said that if kindly disposed people will only throw a handful of consecrated earth after any Will-o'-the-Wisp that cross their path, the unhappy children will be released from their wanderings.

The belief in Ireland used to be that a Jack-o'-Lantern was a soul which had broken loose from purgatory. There was a book published in 1704, called "A Wonderful History of the Storms, Hurricanes Earthquakes, &c., &c., and Lights that Lead People out of Their Way in the Night."

In this we are told about these "lights usually seen in churchyards and moorish places," that in superstitious times "the popish clergy persuaded the ignorant people that they were souls come out of purgatory all in flame, to move the people to pray for their deliverance; by which they gulled them of much money to say mass for them, everyone thinking it might be the soul of their deceased relations."

The Will-o'-the Wisp was long supposed to be an omen of death, and information as to the house in which the death was to take place was sometimes derived from the direction in which it moved in the air.

An illustration of this belief is given by Brand, from an account of the surprising preservation and happy deliverance of three women who were buried thirty-seven days in the ruins of a stable by a heavy fall of snow from the mountains, at the village of Bergemoletto, in Italy.

The writer, who was the King of Sardinia, states that when the unhappy prisoners "seemed for the first time to perceive some glimpse of light, the appearance of it scared Anne and Margaret to the last degree, as they took it for a forerunner of death, and thought it was occasioned by the dead bodies; for it is a common opinion with the peasants that those wandering wild-fires which one frequently sees in the open country are a sure presage of death to the persons constantly attended by them, whichever way they turn themselves, and they accordingly call them death-fires."

In his "Popular Antiquities," published in 1777, Brand also mentions that "a species of this phenomenon, known in Buckinghamshire by the name of 'the Wat,' is said also to haunt prisons." At that time executions were common even for small offences, and when on the night before the arrival of the judge at the assizes the little flame was seen, it was accounted a fatal omen by every felon.

"The moment the unhappy wretch sees it," says Brand, "he reckons his case hopeless, and resigns himself to the gallows."

It used to be a very common notion that Wills o'-the Wisp delighted in the mischief of leading men astray on dark nights. Indeed, there have been many instances of people being decoyed by these lights into marshy places, where they perished.

Two wealthy Massachusetts women, sharing the common impression that women cannot understand business, left the management of their property to a nephew. He managed it so well that in a short time he had forged their names to the amount of $32,000, which the ladies paid rather than have a scandal in the family.

Bric-a-Brac.

SAVING THEIR NESTS.—The great-crested fly-catcher and several other birds adopt an exceedingly novel method to frighten away other birds or lizards that would prey upon their eggs. They wind into their nest one or more of the old skins which have been shed by snakes, so that these appear to be live snakes coiled about the nests.

GIRDLE STEALING.—A favorite jest of Roumanian lads is to steal from the girls the long girdle they wear wound many times around their slender waists, and to wind it round their own bodies. Thus a young gallant will often have his waist and hips encircled with a girdle a yard or more in width. If after a se'nnight the girdle is demanded back by the parents of the maid, it is understood that he is an accepted lover; otherwise he keeps the girdle.

THE WHALE'S REVENGE.—Not long ago eleven men, belonging to a whaling ship, were sent off in the small boat to pursue a whale that had been struck by a harpoon, off the coast of East Greenland. As almost always happens in such cases, the wounded animal darted away at a great pace, dragging the boat rapidly through the water. Then, all on a sudden the whale dived, or "sounded" as the "fishermen" say; and before the unfortunate men could cut the rope, the boat was hauled below the surface, and the whole of the crew were drowned. This is one of the risks to which whalers are exposed, but the danger is so well known that it is strange the men were not prepared to meet it.

COCOANUT BUTTER.—Within the last few months a new trade has arisen in India and has attained extraordinary dimensions. About two years ago a German chemist discovered that excellent butter could be made from cocoanut milk. It is, according to a Bombay newspaper, pleasant to taste and smell, of a clear whitish color, singularly free from acids, easy digestible, and an incomparably healthier and better article of diet than the cheap, poor butter and oleomargarines of European markets. The manufacture is carried on in Germany, where one firm turns out from 3,000 to 4,000 kilogrammes daily. The cocoanuts required are imported from India, chiefly Bombay, in large and increasing numbers, and the trade seems likely to attain still greater importance.

CHINESE JUSTICE.—The more one hears about Chinese justice the more one is disposed to respect it. Here is a case in point. Not long since a pony belonging to a cavalry soldier in Hangchow wandered away out of the barracks. Coming to a calf which had been tied to a tree, the pony began to play with it. But the calf, getting alarmed at the romps, lowed loudly, and its mother, answering its cry, charged at the unfortunate pony and fatally wounded it with its horns. The soldier reported the affair to his captain, and claimed damages from the owner of the cow for the loss of his pony. However, the captain took another view of the matter. Holding that the cow had acted from a natural maternal instinct, and that the soldier had been to blame for permitting his pony to stray, he fined each of his company of fifty men two shillings apiece in Chinese coin, or $25 in all, and made up out of his own pocket the other $45 needed to buy a new pony for the regiment. He thus punished every one including himself, as a warning to them all to be more careful in the future.

A BRAVE KANGAROO.—A very pathetic story comes from Australia, describing a kangaroo's daring for the sake of her young. The owner of a country station was sitting one evening on the balcony outside his house, when he was surprised to notice a kangaroo lingering about, alternately approaching and retiring from the house, as though half in doubt and fear what to do. At length she approached the water-pails, and taking a young one from its pouch held it to the water to drink. While her baby was satisfying its thirst, the mother was quivering all over with excitement, for she was only a few feet from the balcony on which one of her great foes was sitting watching her. The little one having finished drinking, it was replaced in the pouch, and the old kangaroo started off at a rapid pace. When the natural timidity of the kangaroo is taken into account, it will be recognized what astonishing bravery this affectionate mother betrayed. It is a pleasing ending to the story to be able to state that the eye-witness was so affected by the scene that from that time forward he could never shoot at a kangaroo.

IF sensuality were happiness, beasts would be happier than men.

WHEN SORROWS PRESS.

BY L. M.

When sorrows press upon thy heart,
Afflictions on thy spirit fall,
If then thy hopes in heaven depart,
Thy faith is weak, thy strength is small.

Press firmly on in duty's path,
Through disappointments, toils and care,
Fear not the sting that envy hath,
Nor evil eyes that on thee glare.

For there's a hand that will uphold
The pilgrim on life's troubled way;
Will to the pure in heart unfold
The brightness of eternal day.

Press on; through danger, strife and woe.—
Faint not,—nor let thy strength be small;
For He, whom life it is to know,
Will give the power to conquer all.

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CYRIL hurried across the park, and, gaining the road—the road in which he had pulled up the Ferndale horses, the road along which he had walked with Norah!—went at a sharp trot towards Santleigh. There were others of the guests, people from the village itself and the outlying hamlets, who passed along the road that night; but Cyril, by taking the short cut across the park, had got ahead of them, and he neither passed nor met anyone.

As he reached the horsepond the church clock struck two. The sound startled and roused him from his painful reverie.

All the way along he had been going over the incidents of the miserable evening—the evening which he had looked forward to with such keen anticipations! And as he thought over it all he could scarcely realize what had happened.

He had been in the company of Norah a whole evening, and they had only exchanged a few words, and those, on her part, of the coldest!

What was the meaning of it? What had he done that she should treat him so? Had her father, the earl, been putting pressure upon her, and persuaded her to give him up? Was she so fickle that a few day's absence had been sufficient to bring her forgetfulness?

He laughed at the idea.

He knew Norah too well to be able to entertain it for an instant.

And even his jealousy of Guildford Berton was dispelled by the cool morning air.

But the key to the enigma was just as far off as ever. That she was offended with him for some reason or other there could be no doubt; but what was the reason?

Even if Cyril had known that Norah had seen him place the ring on Becca South's finger, and her kiss of gratitude, he would not have attributed Norah's coldness to that incident.

What on earth could Becca South be to him, but a simple village girl who never occupied his thoughts for a moment when she was out of his sight?

When he got to The Chequers he was not surprised to find the little inn wrapped in slumber and darkness.

He had not expected Mrs. Brown or the maid to sit up for him. Two o'clock a. m. was to the good folks of Santleigh an unearthly hour.

He knocked at the door, gently at first, then, as no response came, more loudly. He stood there for some minutes, five or ten perhaps, but if The Chequers had been a tomb instead of an inn it could not have been more silent.

The time was going on, and the station was some distance. As he stood there in the quiet street the temptation to give up his journey to Brittany, give up everything, and remain to clear up the trouble with Norah, assailed him strongly; but he resisted it with all his mental force.

To turn back now that he had got his hand to the plough and the first furrow was cut, would be almost unmanly.

Norah herself would be the first to regret it, if she did not even reproach him; and as for Jack Wesley—well, Cyril could almost hear his cynical voice girding at him for throwing away the first chance of winning fame and fortune.

He knocked again presently, then as the clock chimed out the half-hour he resolved to leave his things in Mrs. Brown's care. He would write to her from London.

After all, he could procure his artistic tools and some clothes when he got in town. It would be rather awkward travelling in dress clothes, but he had an overcoat, and he could keep it buttoned upover his gleaming shirtfront.

There was only just time for him to catch the train, and even if he succeeded in waking Mrs. Brown some time might elapse before she could get dressed.

Yes, it would be much better to leave his things and catch his train. Delay was always dangerous, in his state of mind exceedingly so.

He buttoned up his coat, and with a last glance at the windows of The Chequers went down the street.

Events were shaping their courses as they have a habit of doing, and in leaving Santleigh without seeing Mrs. Brown, or any person who could testify to his presence there that morning, Cyril was blindly following the dictates of Fate.

The station was to the left of Santleigh Park, and Cyril left the road and struck into a bypath. As he did so he heard the voices of the village folk coming towards Santleigh, but he did not stop, and went on his way as quickly as possible.

The night was gloomy—the gloom that preceeds the dawn—and Cyril's mood fully harmonized with it. Every yard he put between him and Santleigh Court seemed to lengthen itself ominously, and his spirits fell lower and lower as he neared the station.

There were no voices to be heard now, and the stillness of the weird hour was only broken by the shrill screech of the cornerake.

He seemed so utterly alone and solitary in the stillness that it was with a start and an exclamination of surprise that he saw a man half lying, half sitting against a stile.

Cyril had almost stumbled over him, and, started back, eyeing him almost angrily. It is unpleasant to be startled.

The man seemed to be asleep, but as Cyril was hesitating whether to wake him up or not, he decided the question by slowly rising, and shaking himself very much much like a Newfoundland dog shakes himself when aroused from a short nap.

"Why, my good fellow, I nearly tumbled over you!" said Cyril rather impatiently.

"Did you?" said the man quietly. "I reckon that would have been as bad for me as for you."

Cyril started. He had heard the voice before somewhere, but he could not recollect for the moment where.

"Do I know you, my friend?" he asked, peering at him.

The man shook his head.

"It isn't likely, sir," he said indifferently. "I'm a stranger in these parts. Have you got such a thing as a light about you?"

Cyril took out his match-box and struck a light, and as it burned up he utterred an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, it's Furlong, isn't it?" he said.

A look of surprise came over the man's rugged face, and he stared under his bushy brows at Cyril.

"That's my name," he replied, "and you—? You are the young gentleman I saw at Mr. Wesley's?"

"I am," said Cyril. "This is the last place in the world I should have expected to see you in."

"The place isn't half bad," remarked Furlong, glancing round calmly. "I've seen worse, and I've seen better."

"But—but, if it isn't a rude question, what are you doing down here?" asked Cyril, hurriedly glancing at his watch.

"I was trying to get a little sleep," replied Furlong, as coolly as if it were quite the usual thing to pass the night in the open air.

Cyril laughed shortly.

"Not a very comfortable bed, I'm afraid."

"I've had better and worse," returned Furlong as before.

Cyril looked towards the station again.

"Do you know anyone down here?" he asked.

Furlong shook his head; then smiled grimly.

"I see. You're rather curious to know what brought me in these out-of-the-way parts, sir," he said.

"Well, I am, I confess," assented Cyril.

"And I'm hanged if I could tell you," said Furlong with a short, gruff laugh. "The fact is London and I don't agree together for long, sir. It's well enough for a town bred man, but I've been a wanderer all my life, and after I've been shut up in one of your great cities for a week or two I—well, I just begin to suffocate."

"I know the feeling," said Cyril. "Look here, I've got to catch the market train, and my time's short; perhaps you won't mind keeping me company for half a mile; that is, unless you'd rather go to bed again."

"No, I can put my snooze off," said Furlong, and he stepped out beside Cyril.

"And so you have tramped down here for change air?" he asked.

"Yes, and change of thoughts, more of the latter than the former, Mr. Burne. It's difficult for a man to leave off thinking in a big city, and I'm not so fond of my thought as to want 'em always with me."

Cyril remembered Jack Wesley's half expressed hint as to the man's antecedents, and glanced at him rather curiously.

"But what made you choose Santleigh?" he asked.

"Is that the name of the place?" said Furlong. "I didn't know."

"The village lies the other side of the park."

"And the big house—what is that?"

"Santleigh Court, one of Lord Arrowdale's country seats," replied Cyril, and he stifled a sigh, for with the mention of the name back came the thought of Norah.

"Ah. Well, I didn't choose it in particular; all places are alike to me so that there are plenty of green fields and fresh air," said Furlong. "Somewhere I can breathe, and lose the feeling that the houses are drawing together and coming on top of me."

"I understand," said Cyril. "And my friend, Mr. Wesley, does he know that you have fled from the house?"

"Yes," replied Furlong. "I told him I was going to take a few day's holiday, but I didn't say in what direction I was going; I didn't very well know myself, you see. Perhaps, sir—" he hesitated for a moment—"perhaps, if it doesn't make any difference to you, you won't mention that you've met me!"

This request rather surprised Cyril, and he was silent for a second or two.

"Certainly not, if you don't wish it," he said; "but—"

"You're wondering why I should ask you, sir?" said Furlong.

"Well, it does seem rather strange," said Cyril. "I don't see why you should care whether Mr. Wesley knows or does not know that I have met you."

Furlong did not respond for a while, and Cyril felt, rather than saw, him looking at him sideways from under his bushy brows; then he said—

"Strange? Yes, I daresay; but I've got my reasons, sir, and they are not altogether whimsical ones. If you insist on my telling you—"

"I haven't the least wish to pry into your private affairs. If you have good reasons for keeping your movements secret, that should be sufficient for both of us; it is for me, at any rate."

"Thank you, sir," said Furlong quietly, and not a whit embarrassed. "I daresay I shall be back before Mr. Wesley misses me."

There was a silence between them for a while, but Cyril every now and then found his companion glancing at him covertly; and he smiled to himself as he thought that if Mr. Furlong was a bad character, how easily he could deal him, Cyril, a sly blow and ease him of his watch and chain.

But the idea did not alarm him, and he could not get up any definite distrust of that gentleman.

"You're travelling by an early train," said Furlong presently, not curiously by any means.

"Yes," said Cyril with a sigh, "I am going to leave England; for some time, I'm afraid."

"Yes, sir? On pleasure, I hope?"

"No; business," said Cyril.

"That's pleasure sometimes," remarked Mr. Furlong philosophically.

They were nearing the station lights, and he stopped as he spoke.

"Going back?" said Cyril. "Well, thank you for your company; I wish you an enjoyable holiday."

"Thank you sir," said Furlong; "and you won't mention to anyone that you chanced to meet me?"

"Not to anyone," said Cyril with a slight smile. "Good-night; or rather, good-morning."

They parted, and Cyril hurried on, but happening to glance back he saw that the man had left the high road, upon which he had been walking for some little time past, and had struck into the wood again.

When Cyril got to the station the train was just coming in. There were one or two passengers on the platform, which was dimly lighted—a farmer or two, and two or three women going to the market town, and yawning emphatically.

Cyril was making his way to the booking office when one of the women, who was carrying a couple of bundles and and a basket, and was approaching the ticket hole, let one of the bundles drop.

Cyril picked it up for her and she took it and thanked him, but in her efforts to get out her money let the basket drop.

Cyril's good nature was always to the front, let the circumstances or the condition of his mind be what they might.

"Let me get your ticket for you," he said. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, thank you, sir. To London, please. A single."

Cyril went up to the hole.

"Two thirds single, please," he said.

The booking office clerk gave him one.

"Two," said Cyril.

"You said one," remarked the clerk with a sullen yawn.

"I said two, but it doesn't matter. I want two, anyway," said Cyril.

The man flung the other ticket down in the courteous manner for which the station clerk is so justly famous, and Cyril looked round for the woman.

He found her just outside the booking office door, gave her the ticket, and helped her and her bundles into the carriage.

When he followed her he saw that she was a young woman of the humble but respectable class, and as he put the bundles on the rack for her he noticed on one of them a direction label:

"Nova Scotia, by the ship Penelope."

"You have a long journey before you, I see," he said.

"Yes, sir," she responded; "I'm going out to join my sister in Canada. She is in service there, and have got a good place for me."

"I'm glad to hear that," he said in the frank, pleasant way which so quickly wins the liking of poor people. "Well, I hope you will have a good time."

Then he settled himself in his corner, and once more gave himself up to thinking of Norah.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GUILDFORD BERTON had remained until nearly all the guests had gone; and after Norah had vanished he had, so to speak, transferred his attentions to Lady Ferndale, hovering about her and rendering her little services in his peculiarly unobtrusive fashion, so that Lady Ferndale felt almost remorseful for her poor opinion of him.

Indeed, when at last he came up hat in hand to take his farewell, she smiled upon him more graciously than she had ever done before.

"You have been very kind, Mr. Berton," she said, with a novel friendliness in her tone. "I don't know how to thank you enough for taking so much trouble."

But even as she spoke she caught herself asking mentally what it was in Mr. Berton's dark handsome face which jarred upon her.

"I have taken no trouble, Lady Ferndale, but have just enjoyed with the rest what has indeed been a delightful time. I only hope that you are not quite worn out with all your exertions. It is a pity that you could not have retired with Lady Norah, but that would have been impossible, I suppose? I trust that Lady Norah will have recovered from her fatigue tomorrow."

"Oh, I hope so," responded Lady Ferndale, and she looked at him keenly, for there was something in the tone in which he spoke Norah's name which caught her ladyship's acute ears.

"So that is it," she murmured, as she watched him walk off in his leisurely, impassive manner. "Yes, he has been paying court to her all day. Poor man, I wonder how he would feel if he knew how much Norah dislikes him?"

Whatever his feelings might have been under such knowledge, Mr. Guildford was in the best of humors with himself as he sauntered out into the cool, morning air; and as he carefully chose a cigar from his case and cut it, a smile of satisfaction flitted over his dark face.

Every man in the game of life has an occasional innings, and Guildford Berton had enjoyed a pretty successful innings that day.

Indeed, as he went over it all as he walked along, he was conscious of a feeling of surprise at the good fortune which had attended him.

He meant winning Lady Norah by fair means if possible, by foul if foul were necessary; and as to scruples—well, no such words as "scruples" was in his lexicon.

Some natures delight in plotting and scheming, and Guildford Berton's was one of them. In the silent solitude of his gloomy cottage he had spent many an hour since Norah's arrival at the Court, in try-

ing to find some means of securing her; but to day there had actually been no need for scheming.

He had feared that when Cyril arrived he would see out Norah and monopolize her; but events had occurred which, trivial in themselves, had kept them apart, and then had come the scene between Cyril and Becca.

"I fancy that you have put a spoke in your own wheel, Mr. Burne," he muttered with a sinister smile. "That little scene with Becca will require a great deal of explanation."

But still an explanation might be offered and accepted, and he knit his brows trying to scheme some way of preventing it. He did not know, as yet, that Cyril was leaving Santleigh by the early train, and might be absent for months, or Guildford Berton's spirits would have risen still higher.

He was a little uneasy, too, about his position with Becca.

Even clever men have their weak moments, and in one of these weak moments Guildford Berton had allowed himself to be smitten by Becca South's black eyes.

She was pretty and fresh; her half wild, defiant manner had taken his fancy; but some time before Norah had appeared on the scene he had grown tired of Becca, and now she threatened to be very much in his way, notwithstanding that she had been unintentionally of such use to him to-night.

As to marrying her! He smiled sardonically at the thought.

The person he meant to marry was Lady Norah, not Becca South, the village girl who had served to amuse him and while away a dull hour or two.

He put her out of his mind after a few minutes, and walked on slowly, smoking his cigar—a very good one—and building castles in the air.

What a fortune and a career lay before him! As the husband of Lady Norah and the owner of the Arrowdale wealth he would be almost the most important person in the county—he, who had been looked down upon by the swells. He would pay them back in some way when his day came!

He would show them that the steward's son could be as good and as grand a gentleman as any of them.

He was enjoying himself in this fashion when he reached the small door in the high wall of his cheerful cottage, and had inserted the key in the lock when he felt a touch upon his arm, and a voice said:

"Guildford!"

He turned, and saw Becca standing in the shadow beside him, and with difficulty repressed the oath of impatience and annoyance which rose to his lips.

The touch and voice of the girl he had deceived knocked down his castles in the air like a house of cards, but his voice was as composed and suave as usual as he said in a tone of pleasant surprise:

"Ah, is that you, Becca?"

"Yes, it's me," said Becca. "I—I want to speak to you, Mr. Berton."

"All right, Miss South," he responded banteringly. "Why, Becca, why am I 'Mister Berton,' instead of 'Guildford,' eh?" and he tried to take her hand and draw her to him, but Becca put her hand behind her and drew back. "What! In one of your tantrums again, Becca?" he said smiling. "What's the matter now? Are you offended because I didn't dance with you to-night?"

"No!" replied Becca, and the monosyllable dropped from her lips, not sharply as usual, but dully and like lead.

"Well, I'm glad of that, because it would have been unreasonable. You know how careful we have to be, Becca. We don't want all the world in our confidence, do we? We don't want all Santleigh and Parkham chattering about our little affairs, eh?"

Becca looked at him with a mixture of distrust and anxiety. He face was pale, and her eyes were swollen with crying, but there was an expression of determination in them which Guildford Berton did not fail to notice.

"What is it you want to say to me, Becca?" he asked after a moment's pause, in which he was wondering how he could get rid of her.

"I want to speak to you, to ask you a question," she said in the same heavy voice.

"Ask me anything you like, Becca," he said pleasantly. "But don't let us stand here; it's rather cold. Come inside."

Becca shook her head.

"I'm not cold," she said curtly.

"But I am," he retorted with a light laugh. "Come, don't be disagreeable. You may as well come in and talk comfortably as standing outside here, you silly girl."

He unlocked and opened the door as he spoke, and walked into the garden and Becca after a momentary hesitation followed him.

Then the door closed with a clang which should have found an answering echo in Becca's heart.

He led the way to the house, and struck a match.

"Wait a moment till I get a light. The old woman has gone to bed, but I told her to leave the lantern. Ah, here it is!" and he lit the candle, and, humming the air of one of the waltzes, opened the door of the sitting-room—the one in which Cyril had found him unconscious—and motioned her to enter.

"Sit down, Becca," he said, and he set the lantern on the table and closed the shutters, yawning as he did so.

"Are you very tired, Becca? I am. It has been a confoundedly long day, and I have wished it over hours ago," and he yawned again.

Becca did not sit down, but stood by the table, upon which she leant with her hand.

"Now, what is it?" he asked, and he threw himself into a chair. "But I wish you'd sit down. Here," he rose and went to the side-board, "let me give you a glass of wine," and he filled two glasses from the decanter and offered her one.

Becca refused it with a gesture of her hand.

"I don't want any," she said in a low voice.

"Nonsense! Well, if you won't," as she repeated the gesture, "I will. You don't mind my smoking?"

He lit another cigar.

"Now, Becca, let's hear what's the matter," and he seated himself on the table near her, and looked at her with a smile. "But I know what it is before you tell me. You've taken it into that foolish little head of yours to be jealous. That's it, isn't it; Oh, I know you, Becca, you see. You think I ought to have paid you a little attention to-night, and you're riled because I didn't choose to let everybody know how fond I am of my pretty little Becca!"

Becca raised her eyes to his face and moistened her lips.

"I want to ask you a question," she said, and her voice sounded dry and harsh. "I want to ask you if you have forgotten what you promised me?"

His smile did not lessen, and he attempted, but in vain, to take her hand.

"What a question to ask a man at this time of night!" he said with a laugh. "Have I forgotten what, you silly child?"

"That you promised to marry me," said Becca in a low voice, and with a sudden flush that made the pallor that followed all the deeper by cantrast.

Guildford Berton's expression of easy, tolerant good temper did not falter.

"Have I forgotten it? What a question is it likely that a man would forget such a thing, my dear Becca? Of course I promised! But what makes you come and ask me on this of all nights?"

"Because," she said, speaking with the same difficulty, as if every word were a pain to her, "because I can't trust you. I haven't trusted you for weeks past. You are changed to me."

"Oh, nonsense," he broke in lightly, but she went on, her eyes fixed on his false face, her hand closing and opening as it rested on the table.

"You have altered since — since — she came."

"She? Who? Oh, you mean Lady Norah, I suppose! Don't be absurd, Becca."

"Since she came," she went on, "you've kept out of my way, and—and put me off. It's not my fancy; I'm not blind."

Her voice grew more hurried and excited, but she still spoke in a low tone.

"I've seen it, and—and others have seen it, and—and to-night more than ever!"

She stopped and breathed hard, and he laughed.

"There," he exclaimed, "I told you you were jealous! My dear Becca, if you knew a little more of the world you'd understand that I am obliged to be attentive to the daughter of my best friend. Of course I danced with her and—and talked to her. Why, Becca, you don't want me to lose all my friends when I marry you?"

"No," she said. "I understand quite well, though I am only a poor ignorant girl. It's not me you want, but Lady Norah!"

"Tut, tut!" he said, but her eyes fell before her steadfast ones, full of anxious despair. "I don't want to marry Lady Norah, I want to marry you, and I mean to."

"When?"

He swung his legs to and fro and smiled.

"When?" he repeated, but she stopped him with a gesture.

"You needn't trouble to tell me any more lies," she said, her eyes beginning to flash; "I don't believe them. I've been a fool to believe them before. You won't marry me, and I know it. It's Lady Norah——"

"Now, be sensible, Becca," he said. "You think you are very sharp, but you don't seem to see all that goes on under your eyes nevertheless. My dear child, if I wanted to marry Lady Norah ever so badly I haven't the chance. There's someone else before me. I'm not the favored individual. Lady Norah doesn't give a thought to me. It's Mr. Cyril Burne—who, by the way, seems a special favorite of yours," and he smiled.

Becca put the suggestion away with a movement of her hand.

"Mr. Burne's nothing to me," she said in a dry voice, "and I know he'd like to marry her, and he ought. "Yes, I know that, and I know you are trying to come between them," and her black eyes fixed themselves upon his face.

He faltered perceptibly for the first time.

"Nonsense!"

"Yes, I'm not blind now if I was before. But—but he's a gentleman and he shall have her. I know what you've been trying to do all the day, to come between him and her, and you think you've done it!" Her voice grew louder, and the old spirit of defiance gleamed in her black eyes. "But you shan't! You think because he's gone that you'll be able to poison her against him and have it all your own way. You forget he could write——" She stopped, smitten suddenly by the consciousness that she had said more than she had intended, and also by the look that flashed into Guildford Berton's eyes.

"Oh, so he has written to Lady Norah?" he said carelessly, and averting his eyes from her. "And you—" he raised his eyes to her face keenly and scrutinisingly, "and you are carrying the letter to her, eh, Becca?"

An eager look came into his eyes and his lips twitched.

"Well, Becca," he said, "you are perfectly at liberty to act as postman for Mr. Cyril Burne if you like, and I wish him every success in his wooing."

She laughed a harsh, mocking laugh.

"You'd like him to marry her!" she said, "You'd——"

Then she stopped and controlled herself.

"But I don't want to talk about Mr. Burne. I want an answer to my question. When—when are you going to marry me, Mr. Berton?" and she eyed him with a curious look, half-defiant, half-determined.

"You're in a great hurry, Becca," he said with affected cheerfulness, "and so am I, but for both our sakes I should have liked to put it off a little longer; but as you are in such a hurry——"

The faint sneer died away on his lips, for suddenly Becca's manner changed.

"That's enough!" she panted fiercely. "Don't trouble to tell me any more lies! You don't mean to marry me, Mr. Berton, and if you did I wouldn't marry you!"

He was startled out of his affected composure, and stared at her.

"No! I might have done so once. I'd have done so now if you'd met me fair and honest to-night; but you ain't fair or honest. I know what you are now! You speak against Mr. Cyril! You! He's a gentleman, while you—you are only a sham! I know you now, and—and I wouldn't marry you if you went down on your knees to me!"

Her voice broke and she pressed her clenched hand against her bosom to still the beating of her heart, and he watched her with close attention, as a keeper watches some curious animal.

"But you shan't marry Lady Norah, you shan't come between her Cyril and her!" she went on with suppressed fury. "You shan't do that!"

"What will you do, my little Becca?" he asked, and his voice was quite soft and low and suave.

"What will I do?" she repeated. "I'll go to her to morrow—yes, to-morrow—and I'll tell her how you've served me. Perhaps she thinks you're honest and straight like Mr. Cyril; she shall know what sort of man you are! You thought you would serve me as you liked and treat me like dirt, and just get rid of me when you pleased, and that I'd bear it, and do nothing!" she laughed harshly. "But you can't Mr. Berton! Lady Norah—ah, and his lordship—and everybody shall know how you've treated me, and to-morrow, if I'm alive!"

She drew her shawl round her with shaking hands and moved towards the door.

"Well, you've worked yourself into a nice temper, Becca," he said. "You silly child, you'll be sorry for it long before you get home. Come now—let us make friends and talk sensibly. We'll be married as soon as you like; we'll go away together to-morrow to some pretty place and be married on the quiet——"

She moved towards the door and looked at him over her shoulder, her face white and set, her eyes defiant and resolute.

"It's too late," she said sullenly. "I don't want to marry you. I wouldn't if you went down on your knees and begged me to."

"And you'll cry the whole business over the place to-morrow?" he asked with a smile. "Oh, Becca!"

"Yes," she responded doggedly, "I'll tell Lady Norah everything the moment I see her."

He had moved to the cupboard as she spoke, and took the small blue phial from it, and held it hidden in his tightly closed hand.

"You mean it, Becca?" he asked with a smile, though his face was pallid and his dark eyes seemed to glow with the light one sees in the yellow orbs of the tiger just before he springs. "You mean to make a scandal of our little love affair——"

She put her hand upon the door and vouch-safed no reply.

"Well," he said, "I don't know why I should care. After all, perhaps"—he went on talking incoherently to gain time as he approached her—"after all—here, you have dropped you handkerchief, Becca."

She turned and saw that he had wound his own handkerchief over his own mouth, and as she stood wondering, half fearfully, at his action, he sprang upon her, gripped her arms with one hand, and held the phial to her face.

One cry, and that only a faint, gasping one, rose from her lips, then her head fell forward, and she slipped limp and helpless to the ground.

Guilford Berton, after a glance at her, let her lie as she had fallen, until he had carefully recorked the phial and put it into his pocket; then he slowly removed the handkerchief from his mouth and bent over her.

"Almost instantaneous," he muttered with a grim smile; "a wonderful discovery. Now, my good Becca, just let us have Dr. Cyril Burne's letter."

He took it from her dress, and, leaving her lying on the ground as if she were no consideration whatsoever, he carried the letter to the lantern and read it.

"Gone for months, perhaps!" he muttered. "What a chance for me! Leaves the field open for months. What could I not do in that time if—if—I could keep her from hearing from him, and silence this silly little fool! Heaven and earth, what a chance!"

He stood with the letter in his hand for a minute or two staring before him, then he put it in his pocket, and almost with a start, as if he had forgotten the presence of the unconscious girl, turned and knelt down beside her.

"Almost time she came to," he muttered; "and when she does? The little fool is like a wildcat, and will carry out her threats. Good-bye, then, to all my hopes and ambitions! Oh, Guilford, my friend, what an insensate ass you were to be led away by a fancy for a pretty face! What shall I do to persuade her to hold her tongue? If I could only keep her quiet for, say, six or eight weeks while this fellow was out of the way——"

While he was muttering and musing he was fanning the face of the unconscious girl, and suddenly a change swept over the moody expression of her face, and he bent lower and placed his ear to her lips.

Then he started to his feet, and snatching the lantern from the table, knelt down and held the light close to her face.

He peered into it keenly for a couple of minutes; then, with an inarticulate cry, shrank back, and still staring down at her, with horror imprinted on every feature, gasped:

"My God! She is dead!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DEBTS.—There are some who would never pay money-debts if they could help it. Either the fear of the law or of social condemnation or some other penalty is needed to compel them; and, if these can be avoided or have lost their force, their debts will remain unpaid. Others need no such motives. They not only promptly pay their dues, but they would be unhappy not to do so, even could they conceal the fact from the whole world. The same difference is seen in all obligations. One heart will spring to meet and to discharge them as soon as they are manifest, another discovers them with regret, and either finds them through some outside pressure or, if that be absent, leaves them unfilled. M. S.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice, I hear it now,
I feel her hand upon my brow
As when in heart-felt joy,
She raised her evening hymn of praise,
And call'd down blessings on the days
Of her loved boy.

My mother's voice! I hear it now;
Her hand is on my burning brow,
As in that early hour,
When fever throbbed in all my veins,
With healing power.

It comes when thoughts unhallowed throng
Woven in sweet deceptive song—
And whisper round my heart;
As when at eve it rose on high,
I hear and think that she is nigh,
And they depart.

Jack Blair's Wooing.

BY J. MIDDLEMASS.

DYCE LONGLEY was the beauty of Arborfield.

She was the daughter of the rich Jonathan Longley, who owned the large manufactory which during the last few years had grown to gigantic proportions on the hill above the village; and was proclaimed by all the country round, who gloried in the beauty of Arborfield and its vicinity, to be a perfect nuisance and abomination.

But if her father's factory was condemned for want of beauty, and the ugly blackening smoke that its chimneys constantly emitted, the manufacturer's daughter was by no means included in the condemnation.

A millionaire's only child, she was invited everywhere, courted, flattered, worshipped; till, alas, her pretty head was absolutely turned.

The young Squire of Wroxall made desperate love to her.

Young Lord Foppington was at her feet, and made her a weekly offer of his coronet.

She would have none of their addresses, but tossed her pretty head, and raising the daintiest of skirts to show the prettiest of ankles, would walk away almost disdainfully, as much as to say:

"The secret my heart contains is far dearer to me than all your adoration and adulation."

What was Dyce Longley's secret? She loved the vicar's impecunious son!

Did he love her?

Jack Blair, who was a spoiled child of fortune as Dyce Longley was—though in a different way—had the reputation of loving no one but himself.

He too was an only child, and though the Rev. Anthony Blair could not lavish luxuries on Jack with a free hand as Mr. Longley bestowed them upon Dyce, yet he went without many a comfort in order to meet idle Jack's somewhat extravagant tastes; for Jack, though not wanting in abilities, never put his powers to the test, but loitered about writing sonnets to the moon and looking at his really handsome face and Apollo like form in the looking-glass.

Then, be it remembered that the vicar was a good deal to blame, since he had never put Jack to a business or profession.

And this was the man Dyce Longley had elected to love, and to declare, when in solitude she brooded over the subject, that she would die if she did not marry.

To judge from external appearances Jack Blair had no intention of proposing marriage to Dyce Longley than he had of inventing perpetual motion, discovering the date of the next earthquake, or solving any other of great mysteries about which scientific men bewilder their brains.

Still, Dyce Longley did not despair; she, in turn, surveyed her beauty in the looking glass, contemplated the enormous fortune she would one day possess, and decided that handsome Jack, though folks said he was absolutely wanting in energy, would never let such a desirable "parti" as her little dainty self slip through his fingers.

If he only knew how much she cared for him. If he only knew! Ah, there was the difficulty.

How was Dyce's grand secret to be conveyed without a violation of maidenly modesty?

It was useless to appeal to her father; he would be sure to say Jack was a "vaurien," and he would have no love-making in that quarter; and as for female friends, Dyce was sensible enough to eschew the whole race.

Yes, she must work out the issues of her life for herself.

"Shape your life and have it," as the old proverb runs.

On a bright August day, having thought the matter out deliberately, she dressed in the simplest of toilettes and started down the hill to call at the Vicarage.

An old maiden sister of the Rev. Anthony Blair kept house there; but it was not Aunt Barbara that Dyce wanted to see, but the vicar himself.

Nor was she disappointed; as she had expected, she found him in the garden tending his rose trees.

"Well, Miss Dyce," he said, "I am glad to see you; but you must have had a hot walk in this meridian sun."

The vicar had known Dyce for some time, and had a great regard for her.

"Oh, I didn't mind the sun," she answered; "I got so bored up there by myself, dad is at the works all day; so I thought I would come and regale myself by having a chat with you."

"With me? Very flattering to an old man, I am sure. Now if it had been Jack you had come to talk to——"

"Oh, Mr. Jack—gracious—I should never venture."

And Dyce's face became a brighter crimson than the glorious rose the vicar had just cut from its stem, and was in the act of offering to her.

He noticed the change, and it surprised him.

"How so?" he inquired. "Is Jack so very formidable?"

"To me—yes—very."

"I do not understand. Most people get on so easily with Jack."

"He never speaks to, or looks at me."

"My poor boy! Then what a loss is his; but bashfulness was always one of his failings."

Dyce was obliged to laugh, notwithstanding that her self-imposed "role" was to be despondent; but the idea of Jack Blair's bashfulness amused her, since she had every reason to believe that it was self-absorption that prevented him from seeing how delicious and tempting a morsel she herself was.

She checked her laughter, however, and forth-with said:

"No, I do not believe in the bashfulness; but I am afraid Mr. Jack rather dislikes us up at the works—perhaps he thinks, for mere money toilers, we are too much noticed."

"Miss Dyce, my dear young lady!"

"Any way, he does not contribute his crumb, for he never comes near us," continued Dyce, finishing her remark without seeming to remark the vicar's disclaimer.

"I assure you, you are quite mistaken," the good man went on, when she at last gave him an opportunity. "Jack is most proud of your acquaintance; but he always wants so much rousing to exertion; now if you were to——"

"My dear vicar, pray do not suggest that I should run after Mr. Jack—beg and entreat him to come—I would not do such a thing for all the world, and yet——"

"Yet, what?"

"Of course we should be very much pleased to see him, if he felt equal to the condescension."

And again the crimson color mantled Dyce's brow; the sight of it once more filling the vicar with a strange sensation of wonder, and make him mutter queryingly to himself:

"Condescension—Jack—it is more than my old head comprehends."

"You will not tell Mr. Jack that we have had this conversation," went on Dyce, "in truth it is a pity the subject was ever broached. Pray let him go whithersoever he lists; do not induce him to come to the works. The attractions at Gladys Manor are doubtless far greater, and I would not be the one to lure him from them; it would look so envious and disagreeable, as if I cared, you know."

She finished the sentence in an hysterical gasp, which in spite of a strong effort, would not be wholly suppressed, so she tried to turn it into a laugh.

She had come there on purpose to set the vicar thinking about herself and Jack; still she did not wish to put the case before him too clearly.

He was astonished, and did not for the moment attempt to reply, not, in fact, till Dyce had quite recovered herself, and looking at her watch said:

"I must be off. I had no idea it was so late. Dad always comes in to luncheon, and will be disappointed if I am absent."

"But, Miss Dyce——"

"I can't stay any longer, Mr. Blair, indeed, I cannot. Give me that lovely Gloire de Dijon, if you will, and forget we ever talked of anything but roses."

She was gone, but the vicar did not forget.

What did she mean about Gladys Manor. Was Jack fooling there? Why, the Foxtons, of Gladys Manor, were paupers; it was mortgaged to the hall door. And Jack with his expensive tastes and habits. No, no, no, that would never do. God knows, he himself was not greedy of gold, his requirements were slender enough. But Jack! Why should not his handsome Jack marry Jonathan Longley's heiress? If he were not mistaken too, the little puss had a hankering after his boy's society; of course, of course, Jack must go, and go often, to the works. Most remiss that he had never thought of this before.

And the luncheon bell rang and the vicar went to meet his sister and his son at the mid-day meal.

Miss Barbara, who was a pleasant, genial old lady, began to chaff him about flirting with a pretty girl among the rose trees; but the vicar, instead of accepting the situation, looked grave and said he left such philandering for younger men—Jack, for instance.

"Doubtless the young lady would have preferred Jack if Jack had been there."

"And who was it, father, who paid you a visit this morning?"

"Dyce Longley, my boy, and a prettier maid does not grace the country side."

"That is high praise," remarked Jack with something of a sneer; "if she is beautiful she is scarcely gracious—at least not to me. Such airs as she assumes!"

The vicar laughed outright.

"Indeed, indeed! Can it be possible that you two are playing at cross purposes?" he said.

"How cross purposes? What do you mean?"

"Well, from what I inferred the young lady seems to think that you avoid her and her father's house."

"Nonsense. I never had any encouragement to go there; but did she really say I avoided her?"

And the vicar could not help remarking that there was something of a deeper hue on Jack's healthy-looking, handsome face. He laughed to himself very quietly.

"Do you often go to see the Foxtons at Gladys Manor?" he asked.

"By Jove! I met Dyce Longley as I was coming away from there last Monday. So she told you this, did she?"

"I did not say so. I was asking for, not vouchsafing information."

"Still I feel certain Dyce Longley has been talking about me."

"Think what you like, my boy, and if you go in and win you will have my consent."

"Yes, nephew," chimed in Miss Barbara, "What is the use of a handsome face if it does not win a pretty girl, and such a rich one, too."

Jack began to laugh noisily, it almost seemed as if for the purpose of concealing his confusion; at least so it appeared to the vicar, who waited without speaking till his son's merriment was over.

It subsided at last, and Jack became quiet and said in a serious tone:

"I never expected to have succeeded so thoroughly."

"How so?"

"Well, you see, I don't mind owning it since you've taken the initiative. I have for a long time been awfully 'gone' about Dyce Longley."

"A queer way of showing your preference."

"Exactly, exactly. You see I thoroughly took the measure of Dyce. If I had by word or act expressed my intense admiration for her, I should have gone the way of every suitor who has ventured to aspire: now you see she singles me out as being the only man who is unmindful of her charms."

"Clever boy, Jack, clever boy; you always were," said the vicar, patting his son affectionately on the shoulder. "The young lady is—but there, I must not let out any secrets; only pass from the indifferent into the adoring stage, my boy, and take the citadel by a 'coup de main'!"

But Jack Blair did not hurry himself; after the conversation that had evidently taken place between the vicar and Miss Dyce Longley, any precipitous act on his part might be most dangerous to his prospects, he thought.

He waited for a tennis party that was to take place in the following week, and where meeting Dyce quite naturally he sauntered up to her with his usual languid air. He was received with a blush and a smile for the first time.

"The vicar and I are such friends. Why do you never come to see us, Mr. Blair?"

"Men tell me they are not always graciously received," he answered half laughing, "and I never court a snub."

"If I were to assure you that you would not be snubbed, would you come?"

"Yes, if the day was not too hot for walking."

"You are incorrigible, much too bad," and she turned away with a shrug.

"I will come, Miss Longley, indeed I will almost promise to come."

How could Dyce, notwithstanding her love for Jack Blair, help laughing at this cool impertinence.

"Pray do not come on my account," she replied, "if you do not come on your own; most men do."

Jack assumed a stupid expression.

"On my own account," he repeated. "You forget that I am not a bit like other men."

"No, indeed, you are not," she answered cordially, holding out her hand to him. "Well, come, never mind on whose account—say it is on the vicar's—you shall be well received."

Jack gave a mental "Hurrah!" and if he had followed his impulse would have thrown up his hat, feeling he had won the game.

But the usages of society demanded decorum; so he said but little, only looked quite the right thing—that is, gazed with his deep earnest eyes into Dyce's beautiful face.

Strange to relate, but true, after this brief interview they both went home, feeling very happy.

Of course Jack sauntered up to the works on the very next day, and found Dyce Longley alone in the spacious drawing-room which formed two sides of the square at the end of the vast manufactory;

It was one of Dyce's annoyances that nothing would induce Jonathan Longley to give up residing under the same roof as his business.

Of course Jack Blair was most graciously received, though with a certain amount of embarassment that gave a touching piquancy to the reception; in short, so well did those two young people get on that before Jack took his departure he had put the momentous question and obtained a bashful "Yes" in reply.

Love must indeed have worked wonders in Dyce Longley, when it made her look so timid and frightened as she did when Jack put his arm round her and imprinted a kiss on her pouting lips; perhaps she felt a paternal displeasure in the air, for the young people had not freed themselves from the first embrace when the door opened and Jonathan Longley walked in.

"Hullo! hullo!" he cried out. "What the deuce is going on here? Kissing and fooling—didn't expect me, I suppose, at this hour?"

Mr. Longley was a self-made man, somewhat coarse in his ways; every one, even Dyce, was a little afraid of him; needless to say, she was very much so on this occasion; but Jack Blair spoke up like a man, and then formally ask permission to wed Mr. Longley's daughter.

"Money, that's what you want," replied the father gruffly. "No one like parsons and their belongings to look out for the ready."

"Indeed, indeed, sir," protested Jack, "the greatest drawback to my proposing to your daughter, whom I have long loved, is the knowledge that she possesses a more than usually large share of this world's riches."

"If she were to become a pauper to-morrow would you marry her?"

"With the greatest pleasure in life."

"I wish I could put you to the proof."

"My income is a modest three hundred a year, allowed by my father and my good aunt; at their deaths—which I pray God to avert—it will be nearly doubled. If such a prospect, and a home at the Vicarage, will content Dyce, then——"

"Take her, my boy—take her; she might do worse," interrupted Mr. Longley.

Dyce was exceedingly astonished at the easy conquest Jack Blair had achieved, scarcely less so than was the young man himself, who, notwithstanding his good looks and other qualities of disposition, "et cetera," more or less latent, knew full well that he was by no means what would be designated as a match worthy of Mr. Longley's rich and peerless daughter.

But he was not likely to quarrel with his future father-in-law because he accepted him off-handed; quite the contrary; the flush of happiness was on his brow and in his heart, and crowned with its radiance he, about the wane of day, returned to the Vicarage to announce the glad intelligence.

Here there was high jubilee; the vicar opened a bottle of rare Lafitte, and the future Mrs Jack Blair was drunk with loud acclaim by the happy trio assembled at the vicar's table.

"If they were to be married they had better be married at once," Mr. Longley said; "he would not be bothered with a lot

of love-making."

In fact, so anxious did he seem to get rid of his daughter that Dyce could not help thinking he wanted room made in order to bring another mistress to reign in her stead.

In a month the wedding took place, and a right festive one it was, Mr. Longley sparing neither expense nor trouble in preparation for it the bride's *trousseau* being of the costliest; her jewels, though not as numerous as might have been expected, yet an average fortune in themselves.

Still not one word had been uttered about the allowance he meant to give his child, and Jack Blair, after his assurance that he was ready to take her without a sixpence, dared not venture to ask him his intentions.

The vicar, too, said, 'Of course it would be all right," and advised silence.

Where the newly-married couple were to live had not even been mooted, but they were going abroad for their honeymoon; on their return they would go to the Vicarage. It would be time enough then to settle future plans.

If matters had been placed on a more explicit basis, would Jack Blair have married Dyce Longley? that is the question.

Probably he would, for, notwithstanding his indolent and languid air, he was a young man who was made of the right sort of stuff, or he would not have been the worthy vicar's son.

The honeymoon was a most happy one; neither Dyce nor Jack regretted their union; on the contrary, they were perpetually thanking the happy star that had brought them together.

They were recieved at the Vicarage on their return home with the liveliest demonstrations of welcome, but Dyce was just a little bit disappointed that her father was not among the welcomers.

Next morning she started off to the works, feeling certain there must have been some mistake in the wording of the telegram that announced the time of their arrival; of course, her beloved Jack accompanied her.

Arrived at the factory on the hill, they found the gate was closed, a most unprecedented occurence at that hour of the day, and on the porter, who had seen Dyce from the window, coming to open it he looked grave and anxious.

"My father," asked Dyce, "is he ill?"

"No, miss—that is, ma'am, he is not ill, you will find him in the office."

Mr. and Mrs. Blair went on rapidly without farther colloquy.

As the man had announced, Jonathan Longley was in his office, but there was such a dejected expression of trouble on his countenance when he looked up to see who the intruders were that it made his daughter cry out in anguish.

In answer to her cry he uttered the one word:

"Ruined!"

"Ruined! You father—you, the millionaire; but it is impossible."

"Ay, ay, the blow has fallen, I have seen it coming for some time past."

"Even when you so graciously bestowed Dyce's hand upon me," remarked Jack with something of a sneer.

Dyce gave a little gasp of horror, but Jonathan Longley went on speaking calmly:

"I told you, young man, she might have a worse home than the Vicarage—you agreed to take her."

"Truly, and I will keep her—keep her above want, too, so help me God."

Jack had in the meantime possessed himself of Dyce's hand and held it very tight in order to give her courage and confidence in him.

For a moment there was silence, then Jack asked:

"How did these difficulties come about?"

"Through the failure of Swithin Bros., in Melbourne. I hoped to weather the storm, but Cass and Co., in New York, have gone, and now Longley, of Arborfield Mills, must follow suit."

"Is the trouble irretrievable; are you sure you have not lost your head from worry?"

"Here, go over the books yourself, if you think you are cleverer than I am."

"That will take some hours, as I am only a novice at the work, and I know nothing of your business complications; if, however, you think I can be of any use I am at your service."

"Somebody must verify, as well you as another. You rre right, my head is gone."

"Go down to the Vicarage, Dyce darling, and expect me when you see me. Keep a brave heart, our future shall be a bright one."

His words gave her confidence, for Dyce trusted implicitly in Jack, and to see him armed with the energy with which the word "ruin" seemed to inspire him, strengthened her belief in him tenfold.

She went down to the Vicarage and told the unhappy tidings she had just learned to the vicar and Miss Barbara, and the three waited patiently, with anxiety stamped on their brows, till Jack should come. The young wife was the most hopeful of the three, since she evidently had the greatest faith in Jack.

Several weary hours passed before he arrived; in fact, it was almost night.

When he did come it was to ask for some dinner quickly, while he packed his traveling bag.

"Where are you going?" asked Dyce in dismay.

"To Liverpool, love. I may be away one two, or even three days; but I will write. When I return I hope to give you good news; meanwhile be brave. Go and see your father, and keep him from doing anything rash."

It was five days before Jack returned, when he did so it was with a smile on his lips.

"It is all right," he said, "I have done the trick; Arborfield Mills will float again."

What the trick was that Jack had accomplished no one knew save Jonathan Longley and himself; but from that hour he had his place in the factory office, and since the prosperity that was once more to flourish there owed its second birth to him, there was no doubt that he fully deserved it, nor could it be said that he had married an heiress for her money, for very certainly she would not have had a farthing save for his clear head and energetic treatment of a difficult situation.

Jack Blair's energy!

It was what but few of his acquaintances could even now believe in; and when he was asked what had changed him and made him a worker, he would assume the old air of languor and answer:

"Well, you see, when there's nothing to do a fellah can only do it gracefully; when there's something, well, then he does that after the best fashion, too, that's all. It is not much of a riddle if you only try to solve it."

INGENIOUS RUSES.

IN THE days of his youth and obscurity, Holbein, the painter, made a bargain with an apothecary of Basle to paint a fresco on the front of his shop. But the artist was fonder of merry company than of work, and the impatient druggist was often compelled to hunt him out of taverns and to urge him to finish the picture.

In order to avoid this importunity, Holbein painted a pair of legs hanging from the scaffolding, the upper part of which was concealed under canvas. The sight of the legs satisfied the poor apothecary, who for several days labored under the delusion that they were part of the body of the painter busy with his work from morning till night.

The ingenuity of idlers is not often profitable, either to themselves or to others. There is, however, one notable exception to this rule.

When steam was in its infancy, the valves of an engine were opened and shut by means of a chain or a string held by a boy. A lazy youth, tiring of his monotonous work, hit upon the plan of fastening the cord to a moving part of the machine, and his ingenuity, bred of idleness, resulted in the automatic valve.

A ruse that would keep an idler at work would be worth recording if any such could be found. Active people seem not to have wasted much of their energy in this perhaps unprofitable direction, though there are one or two instances in which ingenuity united with a certain amount of force has been used with advantage.

A traveller in Russia, passing near a group of peasants assembled in the market place of a village, asked what was going forward.

"We are putting the father—the priest—in a cellar."

In answer to the question why they treated their spiritual father with such indignity, the peasants replied—

"He is a sad drunkard, and is in a state of intoxication all the week, so that we always take care to put him under restraint every Saturday that he may be able to officiate on Sunday. On Monday he is at liberty to begin to drink again."

Many of the most entertaining anecdotes of ingenious ruses are told of criminals who, in pursuit of their object, often display remarkable skill and craft. A very recent example comes from Paris.

An English pickpocket, who, for the scale and daring of his transactions, may be said to stand in the same position with respect to others of his fraternity as a merchant adventurer stands with regard to a retail trader, took it into his head that he would act as host to some of the many thousands of visitors to the great Exhibition in Paris.

Intent upon these hospitiable thoughts, he hired a hotel for a few weeks, and by means of judicious advertising, affable manners, and moderate charges soon succeeded in filling his house.

Needless to add, his guests went empty away, and would never have suspected the true cause of their losses had not their thievish landlord, not content with his already heavy spoils, ventured to try his skill in public places.

Many of the lower-class Parisians readily avow their belief that all Englishmen are pickpockets—a word they have borrowed from our vocabulary—and yet, Chauvinist like, they boast the superior daring and adroitness even of their own thieves. This is not a point for international controversy, and we readily concede to Frenchmen this undesirable pre eminence.

One or two cases may be quoted in support of this belief.

A well-dressed gentleman dropped down in a fit in front of a depot of the Paris Municipal Guard. He was carried into the guard house, where a crowd of good natured people proceeded to administer restora-

Suddenly the line was broken by a lady, who forced her way through the crowd, crying:

"My husband! my poor husband!"

The sympathetic on-lookers drew back while the distressed lady, leaning over the prostrade and unconscious form, called upon them to give him air, untied his cravat, and performed other offices of the kind.

The gentleman slowly recovered consciousness, and was immediately congratulated upon the possession of so admirable and attentive a wife.

"Wife!" exclaimed the gentleman. "I have no wife!"

"She must then have been your daughter, for she wept bitterly," was the reply.

No, he had neither wife nor daughter, and even the lady who had claimed him for her own had disappeared, taking with her his watch and purse!

The French have another story that they tell, less perhaps in praise of native skill than in proof of English vanity and stupidity.

An English tourist, walking in the streets of Paris, was accosted by a polite Frenchman, who, with many apologies, bows, and raisings of the hat, desired him to favor a lady amateur, at the window of a house over the way, with an opportunity of taking his photograph.

The Englishman was flattered, and allowed himself to be put in position. One moment was sufficient, and the tourist went on his way glowing under the warmth of the Frenchman's thanks—and minus his watch!

A ruse, the success of which was fluctuating, though for daring and ingenuity it is without a rival, and lately reported from Hungary.

The peasants of that country have with brigands a sympathy which is supposed by prosaic people to exist only in romances of the Robin Hood type.

Two farmers, returning in a wagon from market, came upon a gibbet, from which was suspended a man, whom they mistook for a thief who had been caught and punished. Finding that he was alive, the good-natured peasants lifted him into their cart, and revived him with cordials. Pleased with their success, they stopped at the first public house in order to get more drink.

In their absence the man, who had taken advantage of the well-known sympathy of the peasantry by putting a harmless noose round his neck, drove off with the wagon and horses.

And here the entertaining side of the story ends, for the farmers, taking horse, quickly overtook the robber, and hanged him in downright earnest.

WHAT better can we do with the misfortunes of life, its unfavorable circumstances, sorrowful events disagreeable passages, failures, and discouragements, than to forget them speedily? Their perpetual remembrance can bring only distress and weakness, and will unfit us for the pressing duties of life, which demand all our energies.

AFFLICTION acts like the wind upon the trees, making them take deeper root; it is the mowing of the grass that it may shoot up thicker and greener; it is the shaking of the torch that it may burn brighter.

Scientific and Useful.

DERRICKS.—The largest steam derrick in the world is used by a shipping company at Hamburg, Germany. It is kept at the docks and used in lifting immense weights on and off shipboards. It can pick up a ten-wheeled locomotive with perfect ease.

BY ELECTRICITY.—In a Berlin cafe the coffee is not only made by electricity, but a small electric railway carries it to the various tables, so that the guests may help themselves to their liking. The establishment is also lighted and ventilated by electricity.

HOTEL LIGHTING.—A new feature scopted for the lighting of the new hotel at Tampa, Fla., is the use of incandescent carbons, by which the light can be turned down down dim if desired in a sick room or for other purposes. This is the first hotel in the world lighted in that manner. The new discovery has been used in some instances for footlights of opera houses. There will be 2,000 lights in all.

SQUINTING.—A cure for squinting, which is not so unsightly as the method at present generally adopted—black goggles with a hole in the centre—is highly recommended. Let the person afflicted take any pair of spectacles that suit his sight, or even plain glass, and in the centre of one lens let him gum a small blue or black wafer, about the size of a ten cent piece. The result is that the double image vanishes, and the eye, without fatigue or heat, is forced to look straight.

PASTE THAT WILL KEEP.—The following is a method to make a paste which will keep: Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of water. When cold stir in as much flour as will give it the consistency of thick cream, carefully beating all the lumps. Stir in half a teaspoonful of powdered resin. Pour on the mixture a teacup of boiling water, stirring it well. When it becomes thick pour in an earthen vessel. Cover and keep in a cool place. When needed for use, take a portion and soften it with warm water. It will last at least a year. If you wish to have a pleasant odor stir in a few drops of oil of winter-green or cloves.

Farm and Garden.

STOCK.—If you cannot keep the number of animals you have on your farm do not try to get more land, but sell off a portion of the stock. Overcrowding is as injurious as too much room.

TREE ROOTS.—As the roots of trees extend a great distance from the trunk the proper mode of applying manure to trees is to spread it over the surface of the ground for a distance around the tree, and not apply it in a compact mass close to the tree.

CHANGE OF FOOD.—Variation of the food promotes appetite. All animals become disgusted with a sameness of food. When food is refused tempt the animal with something else. In this manner sickness and loss of flesh may be avoided, while the cost need not be necessarily increased.

DRY WEATHER.—While the weather is dry the roots of plants will quickly dry if exposed. It is best to pour a little water around the roots of the plants that are transplanted, as it will prevent many of them from wilting. If the ground below the surface is quite damp this precaution is not necessary.

COFFEE BY ART.—Artificial coffee is manufactured on an extensive scale in Germany. It is made from linseed meal, roasted to a dark color and mixed with some glutinous substance before being passed through machines, which turn out the compound in the shape of a real coffee bean. When the false bean is well mixed with the genuine product only an expert can detect the difference.

LINSEED MEAL.—Linseed meal is an excellent and harmless food and medicine. Many animals that have lost appetite may be brought into condition by allowing linseed meal once or twice a day. It should be used sparingly at first. For a cow allow half a pint a day, and gradually increase the quantity until a quart or more may be given. For the hide bound it is excellent, and where cattle are lousy it soon drives the vermin away. It also regulates the bowels, and largely assists in balancing the ration when it is composed of food not nutritious in nitrogen and carbonaceous matter.

Honest poverty is better than wealthy fraud.

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THE POST will send as a premium to every person who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription in advance, either the magnificent picture of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," the size of which is 21 x 28 inches, or the two splendid companion photo-gravures "IN LOVE" and "THE PEACEMAKER." They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her most courteous attention. Everything in the work is full of life and beauty. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for the ornamentation of a parlor or sitting-room, never came from the hands of an artist.

Remember we send either "Christ Before Pilate," or the *Two* Splendid Companion Photo-gravures "In Love" and "The Peacemaker," all postage paid to each subscriber who sends us $2 00 for THE POST one year.

About Doing Good.

Amongst the many occupations which man indulges in, there is one which calls for our unmixed praise and admiration, but which is nevertheless far from being an unmixed benefit.

That pursuit forms the title of this essay, About Doing Good. There are hundreds, nay, thousands of people who try to do so, and who are unhappy unless in this pursuit.

In the matter of relieving beggars in the street, there are plenty of poor people who spend a considerable part of their income in giving to poorer. They do not hold any account of this; but if they did so, the percentage on their incomes would be found to be a large one.

Beggars live upon persons almost as poor as themselves; and it has been said, "If it were not for the poor, the poor would perish."

The late passenger in the street, the poor mechanic going home from his daily toil, the artisan's wife who prizes every penny of her small income, alike give money to the beggar in the hope of Doing Good. The wise and wary doubt this; the satirical may quarrel with it.

But why we give is, that we want to do good. We are perhaps too careless in our method. We do not look deeply enough into the cases that come before us, but we obey a divine impulse when we seek to do so.

And any one who has worked with a charitable object will be astonished at the kindness of people, at the readiness of the much abused public to do good when it can.

Only let the name of a well-known man be prominently placed to a charity, and at once people will most readily subscribe.

A preacher, if he takes a melancholy view of human nature, may assert that man is given over wholly to wickedness, and may paint his picture in colors as dark as he pleases; but he will not be true. He will fail to put in those bright tints which light up the whole human landscape: whilst another, with equal truth, may say that all of us, aye, every individual man, even the worst, has or does evince a latent wish to do good, which under proper cultivation might have rendered its possessor a benefactor.

This latent inward propulsion or impulse to do good, we have been accustomed to call benevolence. The organ of the brain which indicates its possession, phrenologists have placed at the top of the head, and they, perhaps empirically, assert that by its predominance, or its insufficiency, the good man can be told; then a full brain under that bump guides and shapes man towards good, and that a weak and small one allows him to fall to evil. Man, according to these gentlemen, is the creature of his organization; and his bumps and organs, some have gone so far as to assert, are capable of being increased or decreased.

Be more generous and less selfish; more kind to others, the sick included; interest yourself in their wants and woes; as well as their relief; cultivate general philanthropy and practical goodness in sentiment and conduct; indulge in benevolence in all the little affairs of life, in every look and action, and season your whole conduct and character with this sentiment.

To restrain benevolence, lend and indorse only where you are willing and can afford to lose; give and do less freely than you are naturally inclined to; bind yourself solemnly not to indorse beyond a given sum; harden yourself against the woes and sufferings of mankind; avoid waiting much on the sick, lest you yourself get sick thereby, for your benevolence is in danger of exceeding your strength; be selfish first, and generous afterwards, and put benevolence under bonds to judgment.

As the reader now knows the shortest way to do himself good, by exciting or decreasing, according to phrenological advice, the bump of benevolence he may be blessed with, it may be as well to say, in all seriousness, that some who go about to do good, do often in reality an immense deal of mischief.

It requires judgment to do good; nay, it requires more judgment to do good than it does to do evil: any fool can do that. God forms the child; man may prevent, misuse and slay it.

An admirable artist produces the picture, the statue, or the vase, and a spiteful fool dashes it to pieces. Even when the end of our aspirations is proper, our means of arriving at that end may be noxious.

"Ah, marm," said a police officer one day, "what a hatful of harm them good old ladies do!" He alluded to a male "old lady" who had been giving money to a notorious imposter, who hired children, nice-looking, clean children, to beg with. Peace is a most desirable end, just as good as alms giving.

A man must before he attempts to do good, turn the matter well about. It is a hard thing to be wisely good; it is hard to believe faithfully; it is hard to produce anything beautiful, lasting and true. It will not do to rush like a bull at a gate, to cast money broadcast, to expend one's own energy in the effort, and to die in despair at the sad result. What we must do, is to work well, pray well, and act with caution, when we set about that pious, necessary, but really hard work of Doing Good.

WHOEVER wishes to abolish anything wrong or unseemly will best succeed, not by dwelling upon it in his own mind and giving it prominence in his conversation, but rather by treating it with silence, and laying his stress upon the opposite virtue or good, which by its very presence will quietly dispel the evil.

RESPECT is essential in married life. Personal liking without respect lasts only its allotted time. That time may be different with different temperaments, but it has its end with all. Only esteem—sympathy of habits and nature—can keep it ever unrolling like an endless band, ever moving the great mechanism of emotional life. It is too much to expect from even the most loving, the most united, that there shall be no hitch anywhere—there must be hitches. But given mutual respect and the difficulty is removed as soon as it appears.

WE need to consider the old elements and the new in every question. There is danger of that too cautious spirit which resists all change because "the past has been good enough." The past has held many errors which modern thought is bringing to light, and, as higher aims and better methods are coming to the front, they rightly claim our assistance and influence. At the same time we may err as much in rashly following the element of newness as that of age.

THE brain can be trained just like the hand. This is the great object of education. An empty head is an evil head; an untrained brain is a mischievous brain. The brain must be used all round; and perhaps the greatest danger of school education at present is that the memory is cultivated principally or almost alone. It is not walking encyclopædias that do good in the world, but skilled brains able to think and not merely to remember.

WHERE want of confidence or only half confidence rule the the home, happiness and trust are exiles. A man is not obliged to tell all his business affairs day by day to his wife, nor a woman to lay before her husband the full diary of her domestic events. But there should be implicit trust born of complete confidence in all larger matters; and events should never be half told, to be wholly sprung unawares.

THERE are morose, hard natures into which cheerfulness cannot be planted or engrafted. It finds neither natural nor artificial means for life and growth; it is cast out with a growl if rejected, or left to die if retained. Such natures are like shadows of life—the clouds that blot out from our view the beautiful sun.

LET a woman have every virtue under the sun, if she is slatternly, or even negligent in her dress, her merits will be more than half obscured. If, being young, she is untidy, or, being old, fantastic or slovenly, her mental qualifications stand a chance of being passed over with indifference.

THE joy of well doing is pre eminently an individual possession, to be disturbed by no one. Neither the mistaken kindness of friends nor the malicious efforts of enemies can touch it. It is a joy that lives in the deep recesses of the heart.

No man can safely govern that would not cheerfully become a subject; no man can safely command that has not truly learned to obey; and no man can safely rejoice but he that has the testimony of a good conscience.

THERE is more virtue in one sunbeam than in a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. What though things look a little dark, the lane will turn, and night will end in a broad day.

IF we would preserve our mental efficiency amid the changing pressure of circumstances, we must by occasional recreation withdraw the mind from too continuous application.

THEY who are most weary of life and yet are unwilling to die, are such who have lived to no purpose—who have rather breathed than lived.

NATURE is a book of sweet and glowing purity, and on every illuminated page the excellence and goodness of God are divinely portrayed.

HE that is taught to live upon little, owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left him does to his father's care.

OUR sweetest experiences of affection and love are meant to be suggestions of that realm which is the home of the heart.

The World's Happenings.

Two inches of snow fell at Lancaster, N. H., a few days ago.

A snow white coon, with pink eyes, was trapped near Zanesville, O., recently.

A "sunshine room" is one of the chief attractions of the new wing of the Children's Hospital in Boston.

Chinese pheasants, unknown in Oregon ten years ago, are now so numerous there as to be a nuisance, and farmers are shooting them.

Flash signals, by means of the the heliograph, are used for communicating between stations in New Mexico and Arizona seventy-five miles apart.

A flower feast, or combat of flowers, was held in the City of Mexico recently. The floral decorations on some of the carriages represented a cost of $2000.

A gander at Opelousas, La., has learned to turn the cistern faucet with his bill, and when the water begins to flow he sits down under the stream and takes a bath.

Professor Forster, of Breslau, states that 300 cases have come under his notice in which the eyesight has been affected by the disturbance of the circulation caused by wearing tight collars.

Beginning ten years ago with 25 pupils and with but a cold-shoulder recognition, the Harvard Annex now has an attendance of 150 women and enjoys instruction from 50 to 60 of the Harvard Professors.

Elijah Watson, of Rushville, Mich., has doubtless held the office of postmaster longer than any other incumbent in the United States, having been appointed in 1842 on the establishment of that office. He is still vigorous.

A cow fight at Ree Heights, Dak., resulted in one of the animals having her neck broken, and the owner of the dead cow has brought suit against the owner of the victor for damages, on the ground that the victorious animal was the aggressor.

The Berlin gold beaters at the Paris Exposition showed gold leaves so thin that it would require 281,000 to produce the thickness of a single inch, yet each leaf was so perfect and free from holes as to be impenetrable by the strongest electric light.

Wheelmen in Bridgeport, Conn., talk of forming a league to fight the practice of using salt water for street sprinkling purposes. It is estimated that last season every machine in use there was damaged to the extent of $15 by the salt water from the sprinkling carts.

The roads are not so straight as they might be in Redington township, Maine. Last week a man who wanted to drive two yoke of oxen to a camp on the other side of Saddleback Mountain, only six miles away in a direct line, had to travel 88 miles before he reached the camp.

A Maine contemporary tells about a small Swedish boy who arrived on the train at Belfast one day last week. He could not make himself understood, but had a note which stated: "See that this boy is landed in Belfast all right. If any trouble happens to him, notify E. B. Thayer, North Searsport.

Last year the world raised 2 000 000 000 bushels of wheat. The United States grew 490 000,000 bushels; France, 306,000 000; India, 237 000 000; Russia, with Poland, 300,000 000; Portugal, 9 000,000; Denmark, 5 000 000; Spain, 73 000 000; Switzerland, 2 500,000; Germany, 84,000 000; Hungary, 95,000,000; Asia Minor, 37,000,000; Persia, 25,000,000.

A merchant at Randolph, Ala., declared on a recent Sunday night that he would die suddenly at 4 o'clock the next afternoon. On Monday morning he selected a coffin, made his will and spent the day in prayer. At 4 o'clock he seated himself in a rocking-chair and in three minutes he was dead. The doctors say death was caused by heart disease.

Howardsville, Col., has a curiosity in the shape of an ice mine. The mine is owned by parties who in the earlier days ran a tunnel through the frozen ground and struck a spring beyond. As the water flows out of the tunnel it freezes and the tunnel is now filled nearly to the roof with pure ice. It has long supplied ice for the town and never thaws, winter or summer.

A remarkable coincidence is reported from West Virginia. A census of Elm Grove was taken recently, preparatory to incorporating the village as a borough, with the following result: Number of males over 21 years of age, 148; number of males under 21 years of age, 148; number of females over 16 years of age, 148; number of females under 16 years of age, 148; grand total, 592.

Luther Waring, of Plainfield, N. J., has had a particularly unfortunate career. Some time ago he lost an eye from a gunshot wound; later he was compelled to undergo a severe surgical operation. Recently he caught a trousers leg in the spokes of his bicycle and was buried headlong to the pavement, striking on the back of his head. He was senseless several hours and is in a critical condition.

A drop-a-penny in the slot machine that will furnish a man with his picture—tintype—has appeared. It's the invention of an Englishman, and works in this way. The person steps on the platform, looks at the indicator, and drops in his penny. In a moment a gong within rings. This means for the man to look pleasant, to get ready. Then there is a click and the man steadies himself and stares. This is momentary. There is another gong sound; that means that the process is finished. In another moment an automatic tray delivers the picture.

The Georgia papers are fertile in wonderful stories. One of the latest is to the effect that "early in 1861 a young farmer of Bullock erected a house for himself and bride. The kitchen was a log one, with one of the old-fashioned hard clay floors. He had built over a gopher hole, and of course the hole was filled up and the owner was forgotten. The farmer went off to the war, and when he came back he found some charred timbers which Sherman had left. The house was rebuilt and the dirt floor was still a feature. One day recently the wife was sitting by a window, and happening to look down upon the kitchen floor was astonished to see signs of disturbance underneath. The other members of the family were called and they witnessed his gophership emerging from his long sleep of 29 years."

HUMILITY.

BY J. M.

The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest;
In Lark and Nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down,
Then most, when most his soul ascends.
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

The Wife's Secret.

BY J SALE LLOYD,

PEOPLE always said that Jack Ansell had "the devil's luck and his own," and when he married the fascinating little widow of the Midlands every one was quite sure of it.

Lady Lowrie might have wedded any one, and had many admirers, but she had tried marrying for money and position once and had found it a failure so far as happiness was concerned, but it must not be supposed that so delightful a little person could act in such a wordly manner as these words might indicate.

It was in fact quite the other way.

Pretty Rose Flemming, being fancy free, consented to save her father's credit by the sacrifice of herself.

She was told what was required of her, and did it quietly and without complaint, and being requested to ask no questions, she was silent, a feeling of sad certainty creeping about her young heart that only some dire need would have induced her doting father to sell her in this slavish fashion.

Sir John Lowrie did not prove a good or a pleasant husband, but his money and position were undoubted, and beautiful Lady Lowrie became the fashion both in town and country. In one thing he behaved handsome y: nay, in two.

He did not bother her very long with his company, and when he died he left her provided for in a queenly fashion.

Even her widow's weeds, which it must be admitted were remarkably becoming to her, could not keep her admirers away.

Cupid could whisper in crape mourning as well as in colors.

"Rose," said Colonel Flemming, when she had worn her sable garments for a year without any mitigation, "you have been a good and noble daughter, and I hope your dutiful conduct has brought its reward to you. Your first marriage was for my sake. Your second—well, my dear, you may certainly pick and choose for yourself this time."

A faint blush flickered over her cheek. "If ever I marry again it will be for love, father," she whispered. And another year having passed by, she chose the poorest of all her lovers. Daring, good-looking, laughter-loving Jack Ansell, the younger son of the ancient squire, who had lived his life at the Manor House contentedly, and found it difficult to understand why his two sons were so totally unlike him, and required so much outside the pleasures of the Manor Farm, which was his own chief hobby, and had proved nearly as expensive a one as his son's less mild excitements.

Dick, his father's heir, did not find England large enough for him, so started for Australia at an early age. What he did there for a living was very various indeed.

His letters were full of tales of wild adventures, sometimes he made money, but then followed the spending of it so that he really was never much the better off for it.

However, wherever he went, Dick Ansell was a thorough favorite both with men and women.

Jack panted to join him, but the mention of such an idea so upset the old squire that his kind-hearted son spoke of it no more, and gave himself up to the enjoyments of the hunting field, where he for the first time saw young Lady Lowrie, who from that day forward was his ideal woman.

Just three years from that date he ventured to tell her of the love which had been in his heart for her so long—and there was such a glad light in her soft dark eyes that he needed no further reply to his words.

Colonel and Mrs. Flemming approved of her choice. They liked Jack Ansell, and believed in the goodness of his heart, notwithstanding his somewhat wild ways. The old squire was charmed with his son's future wife, and on account of his feeble health urged on the marriage.

Lindenthorpe Towers had been a favorite resort even in the lifetime of Sir John Lowrie, who had seen his best days; but under the reign of Jack and his wife it was just the perfection of a house to either stay at, or pop in and out at your will.

Rose would have nothing to do with retaining her title of "Lady," as many widows do when they wed a man of lower rank.

"If Jack is good enough for me so is his name, father," she laughed, when the Colonel suggested it to her; so he said no more, and the compliment was appreciated by Jack Ansell.

The squire had been right concerning the shortness of his life.

He joined the great majority, and both Jack and the family solicitors wrote to Dick to come home and take possession of his inheritance, but he seemed in no hurry whatever to do so, and Jack and his wife had been two years happily married before the incidents here to be related, took place.

It was Christmas tide—a real old-fashioned one—with King Frost's reign in full swing. Never had the bright green holly trees seemed so full of red berries. Never had the robins been so tame. The ground was as white as a bridecake. Nature's great jeweller had been at his filagree work, weaving the unsightly spiders' webs into maps of fairyland wrought in silver.

He had also laid his hand upon all nature, and touched it with an artist's cunning brush not to be equalled.

Evening was coming on; the stars began to glint like bayonet points overhead.

Mrs. Ansell stood looking out of the window when her husband burst into the room.

"Little woman," he cried, "I have a surprise for you, and he slipped his arm around his wife's trim waist.

"A pleasant one, I hope, Jack," she answered, smiling up at him in the glooming.

"Very pleasant to me, small wife."

"Oh! I shall like it too, then," she said with growing interest. "What is it, dear?"

"Dick will be here to-night! I have had a telegram from him. He will be just in time for Christmas, and he will keep us all alive I can tell you. I hope he won't frighten you with his unconventional ways, Rose. When he sees what a pretty sister-in-law he has he will make you pay toll at once."

"And you will not mind, Jack?"

"What! Mind old Dick! Not if I know it, replied he heartily. "He is the best and most open, honest fellow alive. He was always in scrapes at school for every one's faults as well as his own, and he never would split on any of the real culprits. He would laughingly remark that his 'shoulders were broad and his hide thick,' and that it 'would fall lightly on him.'"

"Is he a very fine man, Jack?"

'Qse; if he has not grown smaller.'

"And handsome?"

"He used to be. Such a pair of laughing blue eyes! The girls all smiled as soon as he looked at them."

"Fair! and Flora is dark, like me! I wonder if your brother and my sister will take to each other? It would be rather nice if they did, Jack, wouldn't it?

"Now you mention it, he is sure to take her by storm, She is just his style, and mine, too, for she is extremely like you."

"Perhaps it is lucky for me, dear, that Flora did not return from France sooner," said the young wife, wickedly.

"Now, look here, Rose," retorted her husband, folding his arms about her, "your punishment will be very severe if you talk like that."

"I am not very much afraid," she laughed. "I rather like the way you punish me, Jack; but now, I want to know, shall we help Dick and Flo' to be happy?"

"You little match-maker! What, before they have even met? Let them alone, Rose; that is the surest sort of match-making."

"It is not the surest way with Flo'. Opposition, my dear boy, is the safe road with her! We have said so much about your brother, that she is sure to be perverse and pretend she does not like him, so do not let us tell her he is coming at all. We shall have to take him into our confidence, of course—and one or two of the girls also—plump, good-natured Miss Godfrey now will do anything for anyone. I shall be obliged to double her up with Flora, as we have every bed occupied; they get on, so they will not mind."

"That is settled, then, Rosie, and none too soon; listen, here come the decorators back from the church. What a bright, clear voice your sister has, and—why, the curate is walking with her. Church decorations have a great deal to answer for—eh, Rose? Perhaps Dick is too late."

"No, no. Flo' cannot have such bad taste as that!"

"No opposition, mind, my dear; I really couldn't stand Marley for a brother-in-law! that is the nearest I can arrive at the relationship. I shall praise him effusively when Flo' and I meet." And so he did—raising up a strong adverse opinion in the mind of pretty, contrary Flora Flemming.

There was a very merry crew assembled that night according to custom in Mrs. Jack Ansell's dressing room. Just a dozen pretty girls, including the hostess herself, all in their dainty dressing gowns, and slippers, brushing and combing their long hair like a bevy of mermaids.

Mrs. Ansell was such a dear, and entered into all their fun with such kindness and good humor, that all their jokes were brought to her room at night, when they were told and discussed before the ladies parted—and most of the girls enjoyed this free and easy hour as much or more than any of the day—sipping hot chocolate by the fire, nibbling macaroons, and talking, over their own love affairs as well as those of their neighbors.

Polly Godfrey whispered to Flora that she had a bad head-ache coming on, and would slip quietly away so as not to break up the party by the fire, adding, "But we shall meet again, dear, as we are to sleep together t-onight—you promised—did you not? Mrs Ansell told me so."

'Oh, yes! Rose mentioned that we must double up to make room for some mysterious stranger. Au revoir, Polly. I shall not be long."

But notwithstanding that assurance, the girls were very long.

The carol singers came under the window with the sweet message of peace and good will.

Then Jack Ansell's voice was heard at the door asking for his wife, and she ran out to him, and after a whispered conference they went away together, her beautiful waving dark hair reaching nearly to the ground, in full relief against the dressing gown of crimson plush trimmed with soft grey fur.

Jack drew his wife's small hand through his arm, and led her to the dining room with a bright and happy face, having left his gentlemen friends to amuse themselves in the billiard room.

"Here she is, Dick; I have brought her down notwithstanding her remonstrances about her hair. I tell her it is prettier loose, and so it is. Come, old boy, what do you think of your sister? you have not seen anything like that among our Kangaroo cousins, now, have you?" and he turned his wife around so that the light fell upon her beautiful face.

Dick jumped to his feet, and advanced towards her with extended hands.

She looked up at him in some surprise, he was such a splendid fellow, taller and handsomer even than her own Jack,

"By Jove! You're a lucky dog, Jack! I envy you, I really do. Don't forget that I have a brother's privilege, Rose, and in the present instance I am not likely to let it pass, for I highly approve of Jack's choice," and without more ado he kissed her affectionately. Nor did she seem to disapprove at all. She had taken a liking to this great brother of hers, with his merry blue eyes, and genial ways, even though they were more open and free than those of brothers-in-law in general. And the three sat so long chattering that Mrs. Ansell forgot all about her lady friends, to whom she had not said good-night, and when she came upstairs she went straight to bed, leaving her husband to show Dick to his room, and break up the party of smokers, most of whom had, however, dispersed.

Richard Ansell for once was tired, and loitered but little beside the fine fire which was burning in the broad old-fashioned grate. The comfort of the bed soon drove him to sleep, and he turned from the flickering fire flames for greater darkness

How long he remained asleep he never knew, but he awoke suddenly, wondering whether he could possibly be in his right senses or no.

He had certainly understood that he was to sleep alone, yet it appeared he was to share his room with some one else, for without doubt, some living and moving creature was getting into his bed, and as he was lying directly in the centre, seemed to find it a difficult process.

"Oh! do move, you great fat thing," laughed a bright silvery voice. "you have all the room, and I want a lot, for I'm so cold I am coming to bed in my dressing gown," and two small hands gave him a decided push as their owner crept up very close to him.

Dick Ansell was in a fix, and for the life of him he did not know how to get out of it.

His sense of the ridiculous was greatly tickled. Who on earth did the girl think he was, to call him a great fat thing, and what would happen when she found out her mistake?

A girl the interloper certainly was, for not only was she a slender li tler creature, with a bell-like voice, but she confessed to going to bed in a dressing gown, and he was getting tangled in a wealth of long hair.

He moved his hand which was covered with and she squealed.

"You wretch, Polly; do wake up and make room for me, you are pulling my hair so."

Dick sat up.

He must see who this nocturnal visitor was. There was something in the touch of the soft hands and the contact of those luxurient tresses which made his heart go at a very unusual pace, and filled him with a wild desire to see the face of the owner of the silvery voice.

The fire had not gone out, but it was giving very little light indeed.

He leaned forward to try and obtain a slight idea of the face on the pillow, and the girl moved uneasily.

The coals suddenly fell in, and the light of the fire flickered full upon the face of Dick Ansell, and his accidental visitor saw before her a pair of laughing blue eyes, filled with a strange light, a fair curly head, and a long mustache.

There was time for nothing more.

The flames died out as suddenly as they had sprung up, and the room was in darkness once more.

Dick had not had his wish wholly fulfilled.

He had for that moment seen a dark little head nestled upon the pillow, but the fire flames were behind it, and the features were but dimly visible.

With a startled cry the girl darted from the bed, and tumbled over a chair.

He could hear her patting about seeking an exit, and in her haste she struck herself again and again.

'Oh! what shall I do! What shall I do? she moaned.

Of course he ought to have put his head under the clothes and let her alone; but no man is wise at all hours, and Dick Ansell never was famed for much forethought.

He sprang out of bed and ran to her rescue, and finding herself pursued she began to scream.

"Hush! you dear little thing, be quiet; you will raise the house," he murmured. "Come, trust me. I know you have made a mistake, but never mind; we can keep the secret now, but not if you make such a noise. If people once begin to ask questions, why, there would be nothing left but to tell them all, and perhaps you wouldn't like that; they would make a fine joke of it, no doubt."

He had overtaken the girl, who was, as doubtless the reader has guessed, no other than Flora Flemming, and to prevent her running further, he placed his arm about her.

This more than scarce poor Flora, who plunged frantically to get away from him.

"One kiss, sweetheart, and I will let you out," whispered Dick, as, stooping to speak to her, his cheek touched her soft face, and sent an electric thrill pleasantly through his whole being.

"I know you are a little darling, and we shall be the best of friends by and by. You need not be afraid of me, not in the least. I am not a bad old chap. Ask my brother Jack if I am; but a kiss I must have. I have set my mind upon it."

She apparently had not Flora Flemming! She fought like a little tiger cat, and another flickering flame struggling to life in the dying fire, lit her way to the door, through which she fled like a gust of north wind, with a parting wail, leaving in Dick's detaining hand a big piece of white lace from the sleeve of her dressing gown.

He looked down the corridor at the figure flittering away in the distance, and saw it plainly in the white moonlight until it vanished into one of the doors, which was quietly closed after her, and he felt that he heard the key turn in the lock.

He shut his own door and stood in the darkness considering.

He was disappointed, for he had never gained that kiss, after all! Nor had he really seen Flora's face. He had told her who he was, but she had not enlightened him in the least. His only clue was the torn piece of lace in his hand.

He struck a wax vesta, and, lighting his candle, gazed at the relic of his past fray with the unknown girl, to whom his vagrant fancy had turned so decidedly.

And by the light of his candle he saw that he had two other clues.

A tiny pair of warm fur slippers stood beside the bed, and there were two stains of blood upon the front of his night shirt.

'Poor little girl, she must have scratched

herself upon that beastly pin I stuck in last night for want of a button. I am sorry and yet it will certainly tell me who she is, and so, for my own sake, I am glad. If that little girl will be my wife I will settle down as quiet as a lamb at the old Manor House and be a respectable member of society. No more wanderings, Master Dick. If you can jog along the road of life with a sweet voiced, soft little woman like that.

Her cheek was as sleek as satin, and, by Jove, she can have no lack of constitution either—she was as strong as she was small. If only I had seen her face! But it cannot be anything but pretty. Yes, I am certain she is a beauty—a brunette, too, if I mistake not—with hair as luxuriant as that of Jack's wife.

"I wonder what she would say if she were to hear this funny little story," and picking up the slippers, he placed them in the palm of his hand.

"What mites of things they are," he murmured foolishly, and kissed them.

And now for what Mrs. Jack did say.

When she went to her dressing room the following morning, she found Flora rolled up asleep upon her sofa in an elderdown quilt, and some one tapping at the closed door. Upon opening it she was apologized to for the fire not being alight, by her maid, who explained that she had knocked several times and could not get in.

Mrs. Jack Ansell placed her fingers upon her lips to induce silence, and pointed to the sleeping girl; but as soon as her servant was gone she went to her sister's side and awoke her.

"Why, Flora, dear, did you not like sleeping with Mary Godfrey?" she asked, in surprise.

Flora Flemming started up.

"Oh! Rose, Rose, I have done such a dreadful thing," she cried, tears welling into her soft, dark eyes. "I didn't go to Polly's room. I misunderstood you, I suppose. I thought she was coming to mine, and—and—there! I must tell you. I undressed here and left all my belongs in your room, because Polly had a headache, and I thought I would not take a light into my room—and—and——"

"Well!" said Mrs. Jack interrogatively.

"I—I—got into bed with a man," and Flora burst into a passion of tears.

"Did what?" cried Rose Ansell quite hysterically; "nonsense, Flo'; you dreamt it."

"No," replied the girl; "it is only too terribly true—and oh! Rose, he tried to kiss me—I shall die of shame, I shall indeed—I must leave the house, I would never meet Dick Ansell after—after—last night," and the sobs came thicker and fast.

Mrs. Ansell grew serious.

She perfectly understood how to manage her sister.

"I quite enter into your feelings, Flo', dear," she said, as she kissed her sympathetically; "but how do you know this rude rough fellow is my Jack's brother? he couldn't be—Jack would never do such a thing."

"But he is, Rose—he told me so."

"What impudence! to let you know who he was too, after going into your room like that. Jack will never forgive him, in fact I don't think he will even let him remain in the house, which will be much more satisfactory than your going away, dear girl—Yes! I must tell Jack of his conduct, and ask him to make it clear that he must leave here," and Mrs. Jack looked very grave and firm indeed. Flora's sobs had ceased; she was regarding her almond-shaped finger nails in a very reflective fashion.

Suddenly she looked up.

"Oh! Rose, please, please don't tell any one—not even Jack. I couldn't live through it, indeed I couldn't."

"How can I help it, my dear?—you can't meet Dick after what has happened. He must go away."

There was a long pause—then Flora spoke again.

"If only you would stand by me and help me, Rose," she said.

"Can you point out the way?" asked Mrs. Jack, too wise to make the faintest suggestion.

"Yes, I think I could. I—I don't think Mr. Ansell will mention it. I don't indeed. He said we could keep the secret."

"A nice sort of young man, certainly," grumbled Mrs. Jack.

"Well, but you know, I think it was nice of him, Rose; some men would have made a fine joke of it to their friends—and it was too dark to see my face—I really don't think it possible that Mr. Ansell could know me again. I don't indeed. If we take no notice, he will probably think it was one of the servants." She walked over to a mirror as she spoke.

"Was it not a providential thing, Rose, that I left all my clothes in here? Every one's slippers are very much alike, and that is all the clew I have left behind—unless I left any marks on him when I scratched my face against him somewhere. I wonder whether that scratch could betray me?"

"Of course it could—see, you have stained your dressing gown."

"Then I will not meet him," said Flora decidedly. I will go home at once."

"And deliberately tell him what you wish to conceal! No, he knows you are here, he was told so last night. Your absence would be certain proof. You must remain and we must help you." And she walked to a drawer and brought out from it a package of black court plaster—and deliberately cut out twelve round patches all alike—and fastening one to her own cheek, she proceeded to cover the scratch upon her sister's with one as herself!

"Rose! you are a dear! what a sharp idea of yours—and you will let the girls think it just a joke."

"Of course I will. My dear Flora, was I born yesterday? I will do my best to help you—nevertheless, I am very angry with Dick, very angry indeed."

"Don't be unjust to him, Rose," whispered Flora, "the mistake was mine, you know, not his."

"If you are satisfied, it is no business of mine, Flo'," replied the little woman, turning away to hide the smile which would rise to her lips; "in your place I would tell Jack and have him sent away."

Which quite decided Flora upon the subject!

Dick Ansell couldn't sleep a wink. A clear girlish voice was ringing in his ears—calling him "a great fat thing." He could still feel the shivering little woman and her strong little hands pushing him away to make room for herself.

He got up directly the day broke, and having locked up the slippers and piece of lace, he went down to the breakfast room with a strongly beating heart.

He would now learn who his nocturnal visitor had been.

Mrs. Jack never kept any secrets from her husband, therefore she found time to tell him Flora's very funny little story before they went down to breakfast, and it so amused Jack that he could not leave off laughing at all. When the husband and wife entered the room, there Dick Ansell was before them, looking eager and excited.

"Hallo, Dick, never knew you were up so early. What's in the wind?" asked Jack, wickedly.

"Nothing," replied Dick, with a warm glow showing up through his fair skin. Then he turned to his sister-in-law. "Why, Rose! Are patches the fashion in this country now?" And before she could answer, Jack had replied for her, with his eyes turned full upon his brother, and he was evidently enjoying his confusion.

"Not a bit of it. Rose does not follow silly fashions—perhaps she has scratched her face somehow!—it is the first time I have seen the plaster."

"Scratched her face," repeated Dick, uneasily, while his color deepened still more.

Surely his sister-in-law had not mistaken his room for hers the night before!

He gazed at her but she appeared to be quite at her ease.

"No," he decided, "it was quite impossible!"

The guests came into the room one by one, and to Dick's astonishment and dismay, each girl wore a black patch like Mrs. Jack Ansell, and, like her, each looked superbly unconscious of anything the least awkward when introduced by their hostess to her brother Dick.

He watched every face with interest, followed by disappointment.

In all that bevy of pretty girls there was no such face as he had hoped to see—no such face as he had pictured through the night—not one of those before him would he care to ask to take up her place at the old Manor House as his life companion!

"I think we have all turned up," said Jack, cheerily. "So we might as well fall to."

Dick's eyes were wandering towards the door hoping that his ideal might yet enter, but his brother's words dashed his spirits, although his sister-in-law's gentle voice rekindled the torch of hope almost as soon as it was extinguished.

"All except Flora," she said; she slept in my dressing room last night—perhaps she needs calling; I'll run up and fetch her."

It was fortunate she went.

Upon the stairs was Flora, as white as a sheet.

"I can't come in, Rose," she whispered faintly—but Mrs. Jack just drew her hand through her arm, and led her in.

"Dick Ansell, my sister, Flora Flemming," rang out her fresh clear voice. "I think you two alone are strangers now. Oh, there is a vacant place beside you, Dick. Flora can sit there and make your better acquaintance," and she slipped away to her rightful position at the head of the table.

Dick caught eagerly at the hesitating little hand which poor confused little Flora having half extended, was ready to take away again.

Yes, it was the same soft white hand he felt sure enough, and he glanced at the changeful face, upon which the roses bloomed and faded with strange swiftness.

The wealth of dark hair was coiled now about the little head. Where was the mark of that cruel pin?

Another black piece of plaster!

Dick Ansell smiled.

He began to see the joke at last.

"Patches are the fashion now in England, I suppose, Miss Flemming," he said as demurely as he could, and there was no mistaking the voice which shyly answered him.

All sense of Dick's disappointment was over. This lovely little woman by his side was everything he could desire, and before breakfast was over he had in his mind's eye refurnished the old Manor House for her reception, and he found that he was actually and really in love at last, and willing to give up his freedom.

Dick never referred to that mistake of Flora's until he felt that he had gained her regard.

Some time after, he asked her to go and look at the old Manor House with him, and they were standing in the fine, quaint drawing room, he placed his arms about her and looked down into her soft brown eyes, so like those of Jack's wife.

"Little Flora," he said tenderly, "could you advise me how to refurnish this old place so as to suit a lady?"

"Just let it alone, it is perfect," she answered. "Money cannot purchase those lights and shades, mellow tints and old-world furniture."

"Then it shall remain as it is. Flora, can you recommend me a wife who will share it with me? I know I am a rough sort of old fellow after all my wanderings; but, little one, I had a heart, and now I have none. One night a little creature crept into my room and stole it away in the darkness, without giving me a glimpse of her dear sweet face, and she has kept it ever since. Flora darling, I cannot tell you how I love you; you are just the dearest small woman in the world, and Jack's wife is the next. You will make me happy, Flo', will you not? I cannot live without you now—indeed I cannot."

The beautiful face flushed painfully.

"Oh! Dick," she whispered, "I am so very, very much ashamed. What must you have thought of me?"

"Well, you were not polite, mignonne, I must confess," he laughed. "Fancy your calling me a great fat thing!"

"You will never tell anyone, Dick," she whispered as she clung to him.

"I will keep my little wife's secret, and she must keep mine. You will not refuse to kiss me now, darling; I have waited so long," and a pair of red lips were raised with love's confidence to his.

An Awful Experience.

BY T. B.

I WAS in Hyde Park on one afternoon recently, comfortably ensconced in a shady nook, from which I could watch the stream of gaily-appointed equipages constantly passing.

The sun shone brightly, a soft, languorous breeze sighed through the trees, and altogether it was a picture of such purity, peace, and joy that even a misanthrope would have felt glad to have looked upon it.

I was thinking thus when a man to whose outstretched hands two little children—a boy and a girl—were clinging passed me, and finding an unoccupied shelter under the trees, threw himself at full length upon the ground, and encouraged the little ones to gambol on the soft grass.

As he reclined there his face turned toward me, and I was so struck by its singularity that the peaceful scene around me was forgotten, and even the noise was unheard.

He was, judging from his bright eyes and fresh pink-and-white complexion, about thirty-two or thirty-three years of age. A heavy mustache covered his lip, and his hair—he had thrown off his hat—was thick and wavy.

It and the mustache were snow-white, and it was speculation as to the cause of the phenomenon that so distracted my attention from the scene around me.

I could not take my eyes away from him, and I was so absorbed that I did not hear the approach of my friend Barton, who had spied me out, and came over to have a smoke and a chat.

Barton is a newspaper writer, and knows everybody, consequently I was not surprised when he nodded familiarly to the man who had so attracted my attention, and called out to him in his cheery way—

"Hullo, Derry! Taking a day out?"

The man bowed in reply, and I seized Barton by the arm, pulled him down on the seat beside me, lowered my voice and propounded this inquiry with an eagerness that betrayed my intense curiosity.—

"That man—Derry—how did his hair become white?"

"Turned in a few minutes from fright," answered Barton coolly. "Not an uncommon thing. Derry, though, had a remarkable experience. If he wasn't such a modest fellow, I'd write it up for our paper. You could do it, though, for its right in your line. Disguise the name and places—eh, old fellow? Wait till I light my cigar, and I'll tell you all about it."

And forthwith he did, and I have written it out as near as I can remember it, preserving a strict incognito as to names and places.

It was during a great railroad squabble in France some years ago that Lionel Derry met with the adventure which turned his brown hair white, won him a bride, and made him his fortune at the same time.

Derry was a minor clerk in the main office of the great Wissous Company, but sharp, shrewd, attentive to his duties, and well thought of by his superiors.

When the Parray Company began to build a rival road, and attempted to cross the Seine on property belonging to the Wissous people, Derry was sent up, with others, to "hold the fort," until the matter could be settled by the courts.

The station near where the Wissous Road crossed the Seine was romantically situated, and already an enterprising speculator had erected a large hotel there, and advertised it far and wide as a pleasant summer resort.

The employees of both the rival railroads were quartered in this hostelry, and you can depend upon it they watched each other like hawks.

The Wissous Company's bridge was only a temporary affair of trestle work, but plans had been prepared for a substantial cantilever, and it would be put in place as soon as the trouble about the right of way was settled.

It was necessary to keep a force of hands constantly employed, strengthening and repairing the frail trestle bridge, and the engineer in charge of this work became Lionel Darry's firm friend.

He was an elderly, sedate man, named Pierre Lamoureux, intensely devoted to his profession, and a great inventor.

Among other labor-saving machines that he had devised was an improved pile driver, which utilized the water of the river as a motor power, and could be managed by one man.

By shifting a lever, such as is in use on locomotives, power could be applied to the lift, and the ponderous hammer was arranged to fall automatically.

At the instant it descended it was seized by "tongs," and again raised; and so rapid were its movements that the work of two ordinary machines could be done by it in a day, and then there was no consumption of coal.

Lamoureux explained his invention to Derry, and taught him how to manipulate it.

One day it was moved up close beside the bridge to do some piling, and the engineer, pointing to the beams and cross-pieces above their heads, said—

"That's the weakest part of the bridge. Ten minutes' work will displace a timber up there that will cause the whole affair to collapse the minute a train attempts to pass over. I've been afraid that some of those Parray fellows would notice the matter, and do our company irreparable damage."

"You don't mean to say——" began Derry.

"Yes, I do," interrupted the engineer, with positive emphasis. "They're a bad lot, and Guiot, the head man, would sacrifice a hundred innocent lives to give his company an advantage. Until the courts settle the difficulty, we'll have to be careful. If an accident happens here, 'twill work against the Wissous, and may give the other fellows the suit."

Lionel Derry had no reason to like Guiot, for—aside from the natural rivalry engendered by being in the employ of a corporation at war with that represented by him—the latter was not a fellow to "take to," and Derry thought he was paying altogether too much attention to pretty Aimee L'Etoile, who, strangely enough, was the only daughter of the chairman of the Wissous people.

Mlle. L'Etoile was staying at the big hotel with her aunt, and Derry, being known by the father, had been introduced to the young lady.

He fell in love with her on the spur of the moment, but remembering the difference in their positions, was perforce content to worship her in secret.

Guiot became acquainted with Mlle. L'Etoile about the same time. He was older than Derry, a thorough man of the world, and he at once paid assiduous court to the chairman's daughter.

The young lady seemed to like him, too, and this fact was gall and wormwood to poor Derry.

After this talk with engineer Lamoureux, Lionel disliked Guiot more than ever, and his morbid thoughts caused him to shun Aimee, much to Guiot's advantage.

Derry began to take long solitary walks at night, lost his appetite, and became hollow-eyed and pale-faced.

One night when there was no moon and the stars were obscured by clouds, he left the hotel as usual after supper, and it was nine o'clock when he returned.

His path home led by the end of the bridge, where the pile-driver still stood, its outline of dark beams and long uprights silhouetted against the lighter sky like the skeleton of some giant.

Up at the hotel they were having a dance, and Derry halted alongside the pile-driver to listen to the music.

Presently he heard the sound of voices, and two men walked towards the machine and seated themselves on a loose piece of timber.

They were Guiot and one of his gang, and the first words they uttered caused the listener's flesh to creep with horror, and a hot wave of indignation to surge through his bosom.

"You say that if that cross-piece is loosened the whole bridge will collapse the minute a train attempts to cross?" asked Guiot's companion.

"Yes," answered the Parray official; "and we can do it without fear of detection. Now's our time. The up express is due at 9 47, and if it goes down in the Seine, it will knock the Wissous Company's claim over completely."

"Well," said the other rascal, "I'm ready. Ten thousands francs is a great deal of money, and if you'll guarantee me that I'll wreck a dozen trains."

"That is business," commented Guiot. "Crawl out on that string piece there and do your work. It will only take five minutes. Here's a wrench to loosen the bolts. I'll watch to see that no one approaches. That cub Derry is always prowling around here, and it don't do to take any risks."

"All right," agreed the other.

And he started toward the bridge, wrench in hand.

But Derry sprang forward and interrupted him.

"No, you don't, you villian!" he cried, and seized the man's shoulder. I overheard your vile plan, and you don't —

"Don't I?" was the quick retort.

And wheeling suddenly, the man dealt Lionel a blow full in the face that knocked him flat.

Before he could scramble to his feet, the scoundrel was upon him, and he was rendered powerless to move or cry out.

Attracted by the struggle, Guiot came forward, and bending down, peered into the young clerk's face.

"Ah, it's you, is it?" he cried, in a tone of malicious satisfaction. "I'll teach you to play the spy!"

"What shall I do with him?" asked the accomplice. "Pitch him into the river?"

"No!" was the answer. "Hold him fast and I'll fix him!"

"Oh, I'll hold him fast enough!" was the confident rejoiner.

And Guiot, stepping to the pile driver, picked up a long piece of rope that had been left lying on the ground.

With this, assisted by the other rascal, he bound Derry hand and foot, and a thick wooden gag was thrust in his mouth.

Then they lifted up their helpless burden, and carrying him to the end of the bridge, bound him fast to one of the rails in such a way that his chest lay directly across it.

"I forgot the goods," said Guiot, when the infamous job was completed to his satisfaction. "The local from the other roads backs across to the junction to be made up into the South through train. It will be here in about ten minutes and settle that fellow. As soon as it goes over, loosen the beam, and the express will do the rest."

Derry heard this cold blooded plot to murder him, and his heart sickened with horror.

He struggled to free himself, but the rope held fast, and Guiot, with a contemptuous and exultant laugh, seated himself directly under the big hammer of the pile driver to watch for the death of his helpless victim.

He was joined by his companion, and the two were were talking in a low tone of voice when Lionel heard the rumble of the goods train.

Now he strained every nerve to burst his bonds, writhing and contorting like a snake.

He could feel the vibrations of the heavy wheels upon the rail across which he laid, and a single prayer went up from his heart, for he felt sure that a horrible death awaited him.

On came the train, and, made frantic with desperation, the poor fellow squirmed and struggled with superhuman strength.

His efforts loosened the rope, and he was able to drag himself down so that his neck instead of his back rested upon the rail.

He was nearly choked by the ligature, but life was at stake and he continued his struggles.

His ankles had been tied together, and the rear truck of the goods train was within a few yards of him when he kicked out frantically, and exerted all his strength to lift his head from the rail.

As he pulled up his legs for the last supreme effort, he found that the rope at his ankles had caught over something, and with this purchase he hoped to save himself.

The train seemed almost upon him. He drew a long breath, and concentrating all his strength into his legs, pulled vigorously.

There was a whirr of wheels, a sudden thud, a scream of terror, the rope about his neck parted, the heavy wheel of the goods train just grazed his cheek, and he rolled down the embankment and the train thundered past.

He was saved, and struggling to his feet he tore the gag from his mouth and shouted to a guard, who was swinging his lamp on top of one of the cars—

"Stop! for Heaven's sake, stop! Danger!"

The guard heard the latter word, swung his lantern as a signal to the driver to stop, and sprang to the brakes.

In a moment the train came to a standstill and the guard leaped from the train and ran towards the lately perilled man.

"What is it?" he demanded "Why, that pile driver's running—Ah h!"

He had swung his lantern forward until the rays fell upon the big hammar that was rising and falling swiftly.

As he uttered the exclamation he staggered back and pointed to the battered, inanimate mass of humanity upon which the great hammar was falling.

Guiot and his rascally accomplice had met with a more horrible death than they had planned for Derry.

It was the lever on the pile-driver upon which the rope about the latter's ankles had caught, and when he pulled to release himself, the lever was thrown back and the pile driver was set in motion.

Before the men underneath the hammar could utter more than one horrified cry they were crushed beneath the ponderous piece of metal.

Although sickened by the awful sight, Lionel managed to stop the machine and tell of his auventure. Then he was overcome and fell to the ground fainting.

The men carried him to the hotel, and there it was found that his hair and moustache had suddenly become white.

A brain fever followed, during which Alnee L E ollo was the poor fellow's nurse, for her father, the manager of the Wissous Road, was a passenger upon the train that Guiot had so coolly planned to send down to destruction, and gratitude over her parent's escape made the girl wondrous tender to the man who had nearly lost his life that her father's might be spared.

Of course the Wissous people made all the capital possible out of the dastardly plot of the Parry sumpvoes, and the suit in court was decided in their favor.

"If it had not been for you, Mr. Derry," said M. L'Etoile, "things would have had a much diff rent and more horrible ending. I can never repay the debt of gratitude that I owe you, but the company won't forget you."

It did not, for Lionel Derry is now the Wissous general superintendent, and M. L'Etoile gave up his daughter gladly when the new official asked for her hand in marriage.

COSTLY LACES.—There are fortunes in laces in New York city. Those belonging to the several Vanderbilts must be worth nearly $500 000 and rival the Prussian and Austrian Crown laces. The Astor family has rich lace treasures, which connoisseurs value at not less than $300 000. The late Mrs. Astor left from $40 000 to $50,000 worth to the Metropolitan Art Museum.

The late Mrs. A. T. Stewart knew more about laces than she did about most subjects, and spent $500 per pair for the curtains at the big, gloomy mansion's windows. Her personal and dress laces were worth $250 000. Mrs. R L. Stewart has a collection equally valuable. The Belmont laces are almost priceless. Mrs. Bradley Martin and Mrs. Marshall Roberts hav ecx quisitely fine, choice and rare laces. Vice President Morton's wife and Mrs. W C. Whitney have laces worth from $50 000 to $70,000. New York buys more laces than any other city in the world.

A Button.

BY B K BITT.

I AM not a ball goer as a rule. That sort of frivolity does not suit me exactly. Firstly, I am too old, secondly, I have never learnt to waltz, and thirdly, I have only one arm. Of course, I might have begun with that arm at once, and many people would have considered it quite sufficient excuse; but I am not sure myself.

I have discovered, after a personal experience of twenty years, that an arm is not quite necessary to one's happiness even in a ball-room.

Well, at any rate, I was at little Lady Cramond's ball, whether I liked it or not, one fine night, or rather morning, last season. You see the little lady had come to me herself, and insisted on my going, and somehow or other she was the kind of person that generally gets her own way. She was Irish—need I say more? Except to add that she had the very faintest possible brogue, that to me, at any rate, was irresistible; and so it came about that at half past one I found myself on the stairs of one of the prettiest houses in Belgravia, leaning against the wall, idly watching the crowd of gorgeously dressed ladies, and melancholy looking young men streaming into the ball room.

Every now and then I was rewarded by a chance word or two from Lady Cramond, thrown at me over her shoulder.

Gradually the stream of arrivals ceased, and our hostess moved into the dancing-room, followed closely by your humble servant. She was moving from group to group, speaking to the Dowagers, introducing shy young men, who stood about in groups nervously thrusting large hot hands into their splitting gloves, to gorgeous young ladies in gowns of every shade and color.

I was just congratulating myself on the successful way I was making the tour of the room in the wake of my hostess, when suddenly she turned and faced me. The movement was so unexpected that I retreated a few steps hastily.

"No wonder you look ashamed of yourself, Colonel"—(by-the-bye, I was not looking ashamed of myself, or at any rate I did not mean to)—"Come and make yourself useful at once."

"And you!" I said. "Listen to me, and take the advice of an old friend, who has not seen you for ten years till last week. Your duties are over for the moment. Seize the opportunity and rest."

Even as I spoke, my eyes fell suddenly on the face of a girl standing just opposite to me talking to her partner. She was both young and beautiful; and she was Irish. I could almost have sworn to that at the first glance. The eyes were unmistakeable, large and soft and gray, with their delicate shading of black lashes. As to her dress? My lady readers must remain on the tip-toe of expectation.

My pen would fail me if I attempted any description, suffice it to say the result was charming. But one thing I did notice, and this was most important, for on it turns the whole story. Round her throat was a black velvet ribbon—an old-fashion, I am sure, for I noticed she was the only lady in the room who wore one, but this was not what had attracted my attention.

The velvet in front was fastened with a button—a simple button, not a diamond or a pearl, but an ordinary brass military button, not a diamond or a pearl, but an ordinary brass military button!

A low laugh at my side served to recall my straying thoughts.

"You are looking at the button," Lady Cramond said, "and you do well. It is worth looking at, for thereby hangs a tale."

"Lady Cramond," I said boldly, "tell it to me."

We were standing just at the entrance of a cool conservatory. On one side lay this pleasant retreat, dimly lit by hanging Chinese lanterns, on the other all the delusive splendor of the ball-room.

"Take pity on the maimed," touching as as I spoke the empty sleeve of my coat.

I had thrown myself on her mercy, and fortune as ever favored the bold. She laid her hand on my arm, that one arm, that had done me good service ere now, and together we beat a soft retreat.

"Now for the story," I said, as we settled ourselves in the two most comfortable chairs we could find. "Now for the story of the button. Is it tragedy or comedy?"

"The first scene of the drama," she answered, "was enacted thirty years ago with surroundings more suited to comedy than tragedy, for it was in a London ball-room. But the two principal actors were hardly in accord with their surroundings, being tragic enough in their way. They were both young, eager, and in love, and the man was to sail in two days for the Crimea. The old story, Colonel, 'The men must work and the women must weep.' So the curtain fell for the first time on the lights and noise and glitter of the ball-room, and on the two solitary figures standing apart, wholly absorbed in their own sorrow, and rose again on a far different scene—A girl seated beside a writing-table in a dim old library, writing a letter such as girls will write to those they love even though their hearts are sore with parting. Full of nonsense and love, and childish expressions of affection."

"What does this all mean, Jack? Five months have been gone, my dear old boy, and Sebastopol has not fallen yet! I look daily in the paper hoping to see the gratifying intelligence that you, at the head of your regiment, have forced an entrance into the Russian stronghold, and, by your own exertions, have delivered the keys of the city into the hands of the English general. Not content with this, I shall require a letter from you yourself, telling how, with your own hand, you have captured Prince Menschikoff, and enclosing a button cut from his coat, to be worn by me in token of your great prowess."

So ran the letter. It was childish enough to be sure, but rendered somewhat pathetic by the tear-drops that had fallen upon it, making it almost illegible in places.

Alas! Alas for the proud hopefulness of the words!

Even while she was in the act of writing, far away in the desolate Crimea, an English prisoner was in safe keeping with several other companions in arms at the village of Simpherpool. Wounded, weary disappointed, he presented a contrast to the young man who had started forth so hopefully five months before.

Letters! Letters from home! Hailed with joy indeed by these prisoners in a foreign land. They had all been opened it is true, and re-sealed with the Russian official seal, but what did that matter so long as they had come? Our hero had his packet open in less time than it takes to say it, and was eagerly devouring the contents of the letter which we have just read in extract. The envelope contained also another letter of a somewhat different character, written in a fine pointed hand.

"SIR,—I have the honor to forward letters received this morning. You must excuse me if I cannot reciprocate the wishes of your fair correspondent, that Sebastapol should fall, and I myself be a prisoner in the hands of the English. But as she adds that she would be happy to receive and wear a button from the coat of Prince Menshikoff, I have the honor to enclose the same, and beg you will forward it to the fair lady with all dispatch.

"MENSCHIKOFF."

What need to tell the end of the story? The long weary time of waiting ended at last. The English soldiers, worn with strife, and longing for home, safe on English ground once more. The happy meetings and rejoicings through all the length and breadth of England; and in one quiet home, far away in the south, a girl who listens with tears and laughter to the story of the button that lies in her open hand.

"And the girl?" I said, as Lady Cramond paused.

But even as I spoke we were interrupted A girlish figure had entered, and come softly across to where we sat. The light from the ball-room fell across her beautiful face, and shone upon the brass button at her throat.

"Mother," she said with the slightest possible brogue, "father is looking for you in the ball room."

"To whom would the girl have parted with the button, think you," she answered turning to me, "except to her daughter?" and she rose to follow the girl.

TOLD BY A TYPE-WRITER.—I have read a number of paragraphs in the newspapers about how various people act when they come in and try to dictate a letter for the type writer. It may be that when the business was new there were more funny. But I have had not such experience as are attributed to my profession by the press. The only funny one I ever had was that presented by an honest old man who, after watching me for some time, came up and in a good sort of way asked me to explain the machine, which I did.

"You mean to say," he asked, "that you can write a letter on that thing for any body?"

I said yes.

"Then you may write one to Samanthy. I want to let her know that I am well, and that I am coming home next week, and that I have got along fust rate in what I came for."

I put all this in readable shape and then read it to him. He said it was all right and signed his name to it and I dropped it in a letter-box for him. The next morning he came to me somewhat excited and said:

"Say, Miss, you remember that letter you writ for me yesterday to Samanthy?"

I said yes.

"Well," he continued, "I want you to write another one to her telling her how you done it and how I signed it. You see, when she gits that letter that is printed just like a newspaper and then sees my scrawl at the bottom of it she'll know there's somethin' wrong. She's mighty suspicious ony way, and if you can fix it up so as to let me out of it I'll be ever so much obleeged to you."

To satisfy him I did as he asked. He took the letter and I have never seen him since. But I have found all my other customers to be plain, matter-of-fact men. The novelty and romance of the type-writer are wearing away.

To delight in measure, is splendid pride.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It appears that of the immigrants coming to this country more Italians go back to their native land than any other nationality. They come here in the early spring, work through the summer and fall and then take passage for home with nearly all the money they have earned here. They invariably purchase return tickets and return to the United States the following spring.

Phillips, Me., has a citizen who is not easy put out of the way or discouraged. While bathing, years ago, he was seized with cramp and nearly drowned. He entered the army and a horse fell on him. After his return he broke his arm and was otherwise severely injured by a log rolling over him. Later, while lumber driving on Dead river, a whole landing of logs came down on him and he was taken out for dead about an hour afterwards. Last December, while hauling lumber near Mount Abram, his leg was broken by the recoil of a stick. Though still obliged to use crutches, he is now pluckily superintending a drive on the south branch of Dead river.

Sadawaga Lake, in Whittingham, Me., has a remarkable island within its borders. The island is larger than any farm in the neighborhood, containing over 150 acres. Its peculiarities lie in the fact that it daily shifts its position, being first on the north, then on the south and then on the east or west borders of the lake. It is known as "the Floating Island," and has kept up its aberrant voyage since time out of memory. It has many trees upon its surface, some of which are from twenty to thirty feet in height, besides an immense thicket of cranberry bushes. It is a favorite resort for picnickers. Holes have been cut through the crust and fish caught, much after the fashion of catching them through the ice in winter time.

A startling incident is the talk of military circles in Germany. Lieutenant von Barby, of the Twelfth Hussar Regiment, was riding with the troops in the neighborhood of the garrison of Merseburg, when suddenly his horse took fright and bolted. All efforts to restrain the animal were fruitless. Giving the horse the rein, the officer waited his opportunity to spring from the saddle. To his dismay the animal swerved suddenly in the direction of the plateau overhanging a broad expanse of water, the shore beneath being dotted with fisher craft. A few moments and both horse and rider would be over the edge. But a bright flash was seen for a moment, and the sabre of the officer fell with deadly effect upon the head of his steed. The lieutenant then leaped from his saddle and so escaped.

Lester Skeesucks, night watchman for the Norwich and Worcester railroad, in Norwich, Mass., had a wonderful Newfoundland dog which followed him faithfully on his lonely beat without missing a night for seventeen years, until recently, when the old dog died. "Jack" was afraid of nothing on earth save lightning, and he was in mortal terror of that. Five years ago, at the height of a thunder and lightning storm, he fled as if mad from town, boarded a northward bound train, crept under a car seat, and did not emerge until the sky cleared, when he hopped off the cars at Jewett City. Lester had to go up and get Jack, and reason with and coax him in order to induce him to return, for the poor dog had got the notion into his noddle that thunder and lightning were indigenous to Norwich alone, and that if he abided in Jewett City he could avoid the slam whanging aerial terrors.

Not long since a young clergyman was called to attend a funeral in a Maine town. Not being at home when the messenger called, he did not have opportunity to inquire concerning the deceased and, by some means or other, got the idea that it was the man's wife that had died. When he addressed the mourners he spoke very feelingly to the afflicted husband and sympathized deeply with him in the loss of his wife. Our clergyman noticed several times, however, during the discourse, that the audience seemed a little uneasy, and he was almost horrified once to think that he perceived some of them trying hard to repress a smile. When the casket was opened and permission given to view the remains, our preacher stepped forward and—presto! it was an old gentleman, and, he soon learned, the father of the young man who came for him to attend the funeral, while the healthy looking wife by his side had been listening to her own funeral sermon.

Our Young Folks.

CURIOUS LOCKS AND KEYS.

BY ARTHUR SOMERSET.

The bunch of keys which almost every one of your parents or grown-up brothers and sisters possesses has nothing very strange about it, has it?

The different shaped pieces of metal of which it is composed are very much alike, some larger than others, but all made in the same kind of way. And the locks into which these keys fit have nothing particularly curious about them, I expect.

Locks and keys are so common nowadays that their makers do not take the trouble to fashion them in any out-of-the-way manner. The cheap ones are stamped out by machinery in tens of thousand, and even the expensive ones which are used for safes where money and jewelry and valuable deeds are kept have quite an ordinary appearance.

In the olden days when the wonderful machinery which makes so many locks and keys and other common things was unknown, and each one was carefully modelled by hand, they were very different. It was quite an unusual thing to have a lock to a box or cupboard, and, as was only natural, the few that were to be found showed that a great deal of trouble had been taken in their manufacture.

The handles of the keys which our ancestors used were often made to bear all kinds of figures.

You have probably heard of the Roman cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, which were overwhelmed with lava from the volcano Vesuvius more than eighteen hundred years ago. Well, one key was found in the ruins of one of these two places. The lock which it used to open cannot have been a very safe one, I should think; though no doubt the grooves in the key were put there so that they might exactly fit the interior of the lock, and thus prevent anyone from opening it unless the price of wood or metal which they used was grooved in just the same way.

But locks and keys are a great deal older than the buried towns which once existed at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. Allusions are made to them in the book of Nehemiah and in the Song of Solomon, which were written ages and ages before the awful eruption which blotted out those gay Roman cities.

If everyone in the world were perfectly honest, I don't suppose that there would be such things as locks and keys. Their only use is to prevent people from getting at things which belong to others, and which they have no right to touch.

We should never take the trouble to lock up our money and other valuables unless we were afraid that someone would steal them if they were left unprotected. And as this fear of the dishonesty of others has been in the minds of men and women from the earliest times, some means of keeping precious things safe has also existed from quite the beginning of man's life on earth.

An Egyptian lock has been found which was in use more than four thousand years ago. So you see as long ago as that people were forced to lock up their goods if they wanted to keep them to themselves. This old Egyptian lock was not made of some kind of metal like those we use nowadays, but of wood, and the key that opened it was wooden too.

I daresay you will be interested to hear how the oldest lock in the world worked. On one side of the door to which it was fastened there was a staple fitted a wooden bolt that was fixed to the door itself.

When this bolt was pushed into the staple as far as it would go, three pins in the upper part of the staple dropped into holes in the bolt and held it to its place, so that it could not be moved back again until the pins were lifted.

The key was a straight piece of wood at the end of which were three pegs, the same distance apart as the pins which held the bolt firm. When the key was pushed into the bolt through a hole made to receive it, the pegs came into such a position that they were able to lift the pins that fixed the bolt, and, when these were lifted the bolt could be pulled out of the staple.

Other Egyptian keys have been found which were made of iron, and some of them were so big that they could not conveniently be carried in the hand, and so were hung over their owners' shoulders. Their shape was very much like that of the sickles with which corn is cut, so they could be quite easily carried in this way. It is very plain that the Egyptians cannot have used locks and keys much.

Just fancy what a burden as many keys as are contained in a bunch nowadays would have been then. Certainly a man who owned a lot of keys in those times can not have carried them about with him as we carry ours now.

The Romans seem to have found out how inconvenient these enormous keys were, for we read that they sometimes used little tiny ones that could be carried fastened to a finger ring.

Now we will leave the locks and keys of bygone times and turn for a few moments to one or two of the more curious in use to-day. Several different kinds of puzzle locks have been made. The one which is most usually met with is what is known as a letter lock. Round its edges are bands on which numbers of letters are stamped. These bands are movable, so that they can be turned round and round, and any letter can be brought level with a point marked on the edge of the lock. No one can open it until the letters are placed in a certain position.

Some word is chosen, and when the letters are so arranged that those of them opposite to the point of the edge of the lock which I have just mentioned spell this word, the lock can be opened. Of course with so many different letters as there are on the bands round such a lock as this, it would be a very difficult thing indeed to find the right word unless you knew what it was. The worst of such a lock is that as soon as anyone knows the catchword they really have the key to it, and as plenty of people are pretty sure to become aware of the proper word in the course of time those who wish locks to be really useful are not fond of this kind.

Now I will finish our chat about locks and keys by telling you a story about a time lock, that is to say a lock that goes by clock-work, and can only be opened at a certain time. These locks are used for the safes and strong rooms of banks and other places where a great deal of money or valuable property is kept.

Suppose the cashier of a bank has a time lock upon the door of the safe in which he places the valuable securities and deeds every evening when closing time comes. As he shuts the door he winds up the clock and places the hands at the hour when he wishes to open it again.

If, for instance, he means to be at the bank at nine o'clock the next morning, and wants to be able to open the safe then, he sets the hands of the clock at nine, and the door cannot possibly be opened at any other time, even by himself. The key to it is of no more use than a piece of stick until the hour at which the clock's hands are pointing arrives.

One night the cashier of a bank was aroused at about one o'clock by three men who were standing at his bedside. As he started up and asked them who they were and what they wanted, one of them—a great tall fellow with a black beard—told him to keep quiet or it would be the worse for him.

The frightened man shrank back into bed, and the black bearded stranger told him that they wanted the money in the safe at the bank, and that he must get up, put on his clothes, and come with them to open the door.

"But," broke in the cashier, "it's no good for me to come with you to the bank, the other—"

"Be quiet," growled the big man, "I've told you what we want, and there's no good in making any fuss about it. Just get into your clothes and come with us, and if you open your lips again until the job is safely over, you'll have good reason to be sorry for it."

The cashier saw that his unwelcome visitors were not to be trifled with, so got up and huddled on his clothes as quickly as he could, while the three men whispered together by the door.

As soon as he was dressed they put a gag over his mouth to prevent his giving a sudden alarm as they passed along the street, and led him off towards the bank.

Presently they stopped outside the main entrance and gave a low whistle. It was answered from inside, and to the cashier's surprise and disgust, the night watchman, whom he supposed to be faithful to his duty, opened the door, and asked the burglars if they had brought him.

"Oh, yes," said the leader. "We've got him and his keys as well. Now, Mr. Cashier, open that door; the safe is in there, I believe."

The prisoner opened the door of the room where the safe was; it was always locked up when the bank was closed for the day so the night watchman could not get into it.

"Now open the door of that safe," was the next order.

The cashier advanced to the safe, put a key into the lock, and tried to turn it without avail.

"Come now," said the watchman, "none of that nonsense. Open that door at once."

The cashier shook his head, and signed for them to take off the gag which prevented him from speaking, pointing at the same time to a clock face let into the door of the safe.

The burglars after conferring together for a moment, loosed the gag and asked him to explain the meaning of his gestures.

"Don't you see," said he, "this is a time lock? The hands are set for half past nine to-morrow morning, and the safe cannot by any possibility be opened then."

"A time lock?" the burglars said with one voice.

"A time lock?" repeated the watchman; "why that wasn't there last Wednesday when I got into this room through the skylight."

"No," replied the cashier, "it was put on last Saturday."

"Then," broke in the leader of the gang, "we have lost the chance for which we have been working for the last two months. The sooner we go the better."

So, having gagged the unfortunate cashier again, they tied him to a desk and left the building. In the morning he was found by the other employes of the bank and released. The three burglars were never caught, but the treacherous watchman was found and sentenced to the long term of imprisonment which he deserved.

A PUSSY'S LOVE.

BY R. STREDDER.

If you are fond of cats, if you have a dear little pussy of your own, you will like this story, for it is quite true.

Philarete was a French lad, and his pet and favorite was a white cat, with a bushy tail and long thick fur.

She followed him about the fields when he went to plow, and sat on his knee by the fireside, and slept on his pillow at night.

But a sad day came to pussy and her master. Philarete, who was now a strong lad of sixteen, was drawn for a soldier. It was at the time when the French and English joined together to fight the Russians in the Crimea.

"Farewell" is the hardest of words to us all. Philarete's heart ached sorely as he marched away with his regiment for the first time. But a soldier's pride was stirring in his bosom.

The roll of the drum called up exultant thoughts, of the honor and glory his own dear France was sure to gain.

On, on they marched along the dusty road, between the rows of limes and chestnuts, and Philarete could hear the beating of the waves upon the sandy shore of the bay, where the transport ships were waiting.

How many leagues steady separated him from his boyhood's home! His heart grew heavy at the thought, and happening to turn his head he saw his snow-white beauty, his cat of cats, drab with dust, and panting with heat, watching the soldiers as they marched by in orderly file.

When she caught sight of her master's face puss sprang up joyously and ran steadily by his side.

Philarete was touched to think how faithfully and how far she had followed him. But what was he to do with her? He could not send her back; he could not leave her by the way. She would run on by his side until her little feet grew sore and weary, and her legs dragged painfully after her perplexed master.

Philarete glanced at the stern sergeant, but the grim veteran was looking another way. He lifted up his cat quickly, and set her on his knapsack. She clung to him, happy and content. Her point was gained: they were not to be parted. Through all the hurry and bustle of embarkation pussy kept her place.

Whoever before heard of a cat going to the wars on her own free will? The soldiers might well laugh but no one interfered with her. At mess she munched a corner of Philarete's ration, and at night she slept in his arms.

When the soldiers left their ships and were landed at last on Turkish soil, the weary march began again. Pussy coiled herself up on her master's knapsack and journeyed with them.

How fondly Philarete loved his little pussy friend!

She grew more precious every day, as she shared and cheered the many toils and dangers of the young soldier's life; sometimes standing sentry by his side, and purring lovingly, when the stern duties of the day were over, and her master cooked such supper as he could get with his comrades by the camp fires.

For the poor soldiers had often so little to eat, and so many hardships to endure, before they won the victory of which Philarete proudly dreamed.

At first he had to work in the trenches with pickaxe and spade, but when his regiment was ordered into active service, and he must face the cannon's mouth, he left his puss with a sick comrade.

The poor wounded fellow, wrapped up in his blanket in the tent they shared, promised to take good care of her.

The troops were marching to the position they were ordered to take up. They were about a mile from the French camp, when Philarete caught sight of his pet running steadily after him.

He lifted her up to her customary seat on his knapsack, for the engagement was beginning. The Russian cannon opened fire, and their thundering boom deadened every other sound; but those little white paws only clung the closer to his soldier's belt.

They were fighting all around him; men were falling before the iron hail. But the stern veterans closed their ranks and still pressed onward.

Twice poor Philarete went down, but pussy never loosened her hold. She clung to his coat in her desperation, resolute and determined not to be parted from the master she loved so dearly.

At last a severe wound in the breast stretched him senseless on the ground. No sympathetic comrade dared to stop in the heat of the battle to raise him up or speak one pitying word.

The thick cloud of smoke from the cannon on both sides turned the daylight into darkness, as the men rushed on to victory.

But a cat's keen eye, which can see in the dimmest light, enabled the faithful puss to distinguish the dark stream of blood flowing from her master's breast.

With an intelligent comprehension of his danger that was surprising the devoted little creature seated herself upon him and began to wash away the crimson stain.

Think of the dreadful wound in the poor young soldier's breast and that little cat, with nothing but her tiny tongue, trying so hard to close it. Remember how the cannon-balls were tearing up the earth around her. How scared and terrified she must have been; for we know how all animals, except the trained war-horse, fly in terror from the din and tumult of the battle-field. But the great love that filled the darling pussy's heart was far greater than all the danger and the fear. Her snowy fur was soaked in blood. Her tiny tongue was aching, as hour after hour went by and Philarete still lay unconscious.

When the conflict was over, the army surgeon came round with the ambulance, to look for the wounded, and there he found her.

Poor Philarete was carried back to the camp, to the great tent the surgeon had made his hospital.

His wound was then bound up and he slowly revived.

"Shall I live?" were the first words which passed his lips, as he looked into the surgeon's grave face.

"Yes, my good fellow, thanks to your little cat; if she had not used her tongue so intelligently you must have bled to death," was the instantaneous reply.

A soft low purr in his ear sounded as sweetly as an angel's voice to the grateful lad; and many a worn, white, pain-stricken face was lifted from the rough-and-ready pallet-beds around him to get a look at his pussy.

Through all the faintness occasioned by the loss of blood, through all the delusions and fancies of the burning fever brought on by the wound in his breast, Philarete never ceased to entreat that his cat might be permitted to stay with him.

It was contrary to all hospital regulations. It was a relaxation of military discipline never before heard of; but the sternest officer among them simply said—

"Let her alone!"

The little creature's devoted love had turned all hearts. She was sent with her master to the regular hospital. She was fed with the choicest morsels from his plate at rations. She was feasted and petted by all around her; and was pointed out with proud admiration to every new comer.

PERHAPS there is no more important art in all life than to receive the varying events of weal and woe in such a way that they may each develop something worthy in our characters. There is a latent power of good in them all, but too often it is never brought into action. Seneca says: "The good things that belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired."

NO TEARS IN HEAVEN.

BY F. J.

What if our bark o'er life's rough wave
By adverse winds be driven,
And howling tempests round us rave,
There are no tears in Heaven.

What though affliction be our lot,
Our hearts with anguish riven,
Still let it never be forgot
There are no tears in Heaven.

If sweetest joys here vanish all,
And fade like hues at even;
Our brightest hopes like meteors fall—
There are no tears in Heaven.

The mourner sad, who drown'd in grief
Hath long in sorrow striven,
Shall find at last a sweet relief,
Tears wiped away in Heaven.

There from the blooming Tree of Life,
The healing fruit is given;
Yes! there shall cease the painful strife—
There are no tears in Heaven

FLOWERS IN HISTORY.

Although the Hawthorn is so familiar to most of us, not only as a hedge tree or bush, but as having a special history, interwoven with pretty and curious legends, it cannot be omitted from its place in any series of historical flowers.

Its name is supposed to be a corruption of the Dutch Hag, or "hedge thorn," and the name given it by the country folks, 'May," is merely one denoting the month in which it beautifies the roadsides.

The pink variety was first, accidentally, discovered in a hedge near Perth, and was long since introduced into England.

The wreaths of Greek brides are composed of this flower, and it is otherwise very largely used at wedding festivities; besides which, on May day boughs of it are hung over their doors, as we use holly at Christmas time.

The use of the hawthorn, as being a tree of good augury, dates back to the time of the ancient Greeks, and was to them a symbol of conjugal union.

On the other hand, it was connected with the rites for the dead by the ancient Germans, who consumed the wood on their funeral pyres, and believed that the souls of the deceased ascended to Heaven in the flames that shot upwards.

To the student of the Holy Scriptures this must recall the wonderful historical incident that occured when the angel of the Lord went up to Heaven in the flame from the altar raised by Manoah (Judges xiii)

One legend in connection with this thorn is that was of its branches that the crown of thorns was composed which encircled the brow of the Redeemer; and in France it is distinguished as *l'Epine noble* on that account. Indeed, it is supposed there that the original crown was given by the Venetians to St. Louis, who placed it in the Ste. Chapelle which he had erected.

The house of Tudor assumed, as a specially distinguishing badge, a crown in a bush of hawthorn. This circumstance was accounted for by the hiding of the crown which encircled the helmet of Richard III., in a hawthorn bush, after he was killed at the battle of Bosworth Field. This same crown was presented by his father in-law to Henry VII.

The 'Glastonbury thorn," credited from ancient times to have been the pilgrim's staff of St. Joseph of Arimathea, stuck by him into the ground on Werrall (anciently called "Weary all") Hill, is now no more; although we may believe that the numberless thorn trees and bushes in that neighborhood were cuttings raised from that original tree.

A flat memorial stone now indicates the spot where it stood. In the days of Queen Elizabeth it was cut down by a zealous Puritan, and again in those of Charles I., and from time immemorial a thriving trade was carried on, both with the young off shoots, and the blossoms of the original much suffering parent.

Few trees have been the subject of so many superstitions. In some counties misfortune is attached to both bring it into a house or cutting it down.

In others it is regarded as a tree of good influences, and to bring it into the home is to ensure the latter against storm and lightning and the visitation of evil spirits. The presentation of a branch by a Turkish lover is an indication that he desires the favor of a kiss!

There is a very ancient specimen enclosed in Cawdor Castle (Inverness-shire), round which it has been the usage of guests to meet and drink a toast to the prosperity of the House of Cawdor; the venerable tree having been an indication to the original proprietor where the Castle was to be built.

Heather to the Scotch is a kind of national flower, almost as dear as their royal badge, the thistle. To no less than nine of their clans the heather, or heath, serves as a badge.

Although this plant grows in such luxuriance on the Scottish mountains, from their base up to a height of 3 300 feet above the sea, a greater variety of it abounds in Ireland, where it has been less affectionately regarded, and with which country it has not been specially identified. Altogether, distributed throughout Europe, North Asia and the Cape of Good Hope, some 400 species are to be found. It is also a native of North America and Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, etc.

There is tradition that after the slaughter of the Picts by Kenneth, two only having survived the extermination, the Conqueror was desirous of learning the valuable secret that this people possessed of making beer from heather.

When brought before him he demanded it of the father, with the promise of his life as the reward; but his son was first put to death before his eyes, to enforce consent, by order of the cruel monster. Naturally, this was just the way to make the brave prisoner of war hold faster to the secret than ever. "Your threats," he said, "might, perhaps, have influenced my son, but they have no effect on me!" The heroism of the fine old soldier told on the Conqueror, now vanished in his turn, and he allowed him to live out his life in bereavement, still keeping the coveted secret, which died with him at last. Nevertheless, the natives of Isla in the Jura and that neighborhood have a recipe for brewing a mixture of considerable strength, composed of two thirds of the tops of the heather to one of malt.

Poets have each respectively sung the praises of some particular flower. Burns, Gray, Sir W. Scott, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Grant, and many more have written with enthusiasm about heather. Walter von der Vogelweide says, in one of his *minnie-lie der*, "The heather blushes red in spring to see how green the forest is growing; so sorrow is ashamed at sight of joy."

At the present time white heather is much worn as a wedding decoration.

The Hemlock is not Longfellow's "hemlock tree." This latter may be better known as the "Canadian spruce" fir, the description of its unchanging greenness—in the lines by which that charming writer has immortalized it—does not apply to the wild flower so named, its sinister reputation and lugubrious historical associations.

As one of evil physical influences, it has always been associated with bad spiritual ones. The hemlock plant is known also by country folks as "Cowbane," from its effects on the cattle that chance to eat it.

Grains of Gold.

False fancy brings real misery.

The nurse of infidelity is sensualism.

Novelty is the store-house of pleasure.

To be happy without holiness, is impossible.

History is only the register of crimes and misfortunes.

Woman's honor, as nice as ermine, will not bear a soil.

Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army.

He who knows only his own side of the case, knows little of it.

Heavy sorrow is silent, the deepest mourning is the most solitary.

Men of gravity are intellectual stammerers whose thoughts move slowly.

To despise our species is the price we must often pay for our knowledge.

Love, like death, plays havoc and sports with rich and poor, wicked and virtuous, alike.

We are always making character, both our own and others' either for good or for evil.

The mind hath not reason to remember that passions ought to be her vassals, not her master.

By the emotions we cherish, by the desires we indulge, and by the actions which respond to them, we are steadily building up our characters. Every hour we are adding stone upon stone, either for strength and beauty or for weakness and deformity; and, willingly or not, we thus help to form the characters of those around us.

Femininities.

The greatest wealth is contentment with little.

Green is almost as fashionable as ever, especially in pale shades and deep emerald tones.

The wife of a Massachusetts minister always wears a blue dress on Monday to match her husband's mood.

Papers perfumed with a single grain of ambergris have been kept for 40 years, when the odor was as strong as ever.

Miss Giddings: "Oh, papa! what can be more brilliant than a diamond?" Papa. "A girl's wits when she wants one."

One of the best applications for pain in pneumonia or dysentery is a flannel bag filled with hops and wet with hot vinegar.

A man's better half lays down the rules in the house, but at this season she usually allows her husband to lay down the carpets.

He: "Were you ever in love?" She: "I thought I was once, but since I have read a few of the modern society novels I have concluded that I wasn't."

A little girl in the Sunday school at Quincy, Mass., when asked what a missionary was replied: "A missionary is a man who comes around to get our money."

New York schoolmamams must hereafter reside in the city. An exception is made in behalf of those already in service, but new candidates from other cities and towns need not apply.

"Dorothy apartments" is the feminine of bachelor apartments. The custom of living alone, unchaperoned and unsuspected, is increasing to a surprising extent among young women.

Clara's mother, calling: "Clara, Mr Billing is in the parlor and says he wants you." Clara, entering parlor and throwing herself into Billing's arms: "Oh, Charlie, this is so sudden."

It has become the fashion in Chicago for men to buy their wives' bonnets. The milliners like the change, and say that as a general thing a man knows better than a woman what is suited for her.

A novel way of distinguishing guests' seats at a dinner table is to write the name of the guests on the leaves of a blood red rose with an electric pen, whatever has been traced on the leaves coming out white.

There is in existence a curious class of knives of the sixteenth century, the blades of which have on one side the musical notes to the benediction of the table, or grace before meat, and on the other side the grace after meat.

One of the New York papers prints its announcements of marriages and deaths on the first page. Now, if it would only agree not to print its dry goods advertisements anywhere else, its feminine readers would never have to open the paper at all.

"To display a diamond properly," say a jeweler, "it must be worn alone. Few people seem to understand this. If a solitaire is pure it is obvious that if worn next to a ruby it will reflect the hue of the latter and thus its value will be obscured."

A new industry has been invented by a clever girl. She calls herself an accountant and auditor for large households. She finds plenty of employment in looking after the business of a few families of large expenditure, whose heads have not taste for the work.

In Paris, male domestic servants are encouraged to marry, as they are observed to be more settled and attentive to their duty than when bachelors. In London such marriages are discouraged, as reading servants more attentive to their own families than to those of their masters.

A New York girl says: "The lucky color for women has changed this year, and instead of wearing a bright yellow garter, as we did a year ago, to bring us good luck and a sweetheart, it is now the correct thing to get a bow of royal purple ribbon, tied in a true lover's knot, and wear it on the breast, so that it moves with every heart beat.

An Australian lady has made this serious proposal to fellow Australian wives, namely, that in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining domestics, husbands should be allowed two wives, in order that the household duties may be coped with. The lady does not seem to have calculated that the second wife might, in due time, cause an increase of family domestic work.

Mrs. General Grant has a girl's fondness for candy, and she always has a box on her writing desk while engaged in writing. She is at her desk three or four hours daily now, being engaged in the preparation of memoirs and correspondence, in which she is being assisted by her son Jesse, who came back from California, where he was engaged in mining and farming, for this especial purpose.

In Iceland the ceremony of betrothal used to be accompanied by the bridegroom passing his four fingers and thumb through a large ring, and in this manner receiving the hand of the bride. As recently as 1790 the practice existed in Orkney of a man and a woman plighting their faith at the standing Stones of Stennis by joining their hands through the perforated stone of Odin, situated at that place.

The name of a "crazy fox" signifies that the function does not dread the lunatic appellation, but seeks to set up to it and, for the moment, glorify it, or rather get the most profitable fun out of the "craze." The ladies and gentlemen are dressed in the most striking and whimsical costumes, and a comical day out masque is achieved. Everything in the "receiving house" is made as crazy-looking as possible; the fare is comical stuff, and the people without much effort are quite crazy.

A new dance the parent idea of which is doubtless is called the fox hunt. The smallest young man in the room is selected as the fox; then the hounds in full cry, and represented by twenty young ladies, who chase the fox, follow him twice round the room. Then all the men, mounted on waxing-sticks as horses, come dashing in "at the death," clearing gates, hurdles and other obstacles encountered in their wild career. The first lady in gets the "brush," which she gives to any of the gentlemen she selects. The less fortunate hunting dames are chosen as partners by the remaining huntsmen.

Masculinities.

Prejudice is the reason of fools.

In Victoria, B. C., few masons or stonecutters will work with Chinese.

Everybody else gets tired in this world before the man who makes you tired.

What is the most dangerous kind of assassin?—A man who takes life cheerfully.

Death has just separated a couple in England who had been married for 77 years.

A beau dressed out resembles the cinnamon tree—the bark is of greater value than the body.

The fellow who is always right, because he is too lazy to labor under a mistake, is around again.

Small diamonds fixed in the front and back sights of rifles are said to enable the marksman to take good aim even in a bad light.

"Well, there may be such a thing as a whisky trust," said an old guzzler, "but I never was fortunate enough to come across one."

It is hard enough, any way, for a bachelor to hold a baby, but it is simple torture when it is the baby of the girl who jilted him heartlessly only three years before.

It is said that only one colored man has ever applied for a liquor license in Wheeling, W. Va. His name is Hamilton Davis, and he applied recently and was successful.

Henry Warren, who sells newspapers on the Derby Railroad, between New Haven and Birmingham, Conn., and who is now in his 83d year, is cutting his third set of teeth.

Prof. Forster, of Breslau, states that 300 cases have come under his notice in which the eyesight has been affected by the disturbance of the circulation caused by wearing tight collars.

A large oak tree in the cemetery at Salem, Va., was split by lightning lately, exposing a silver teapot which contained the skull of a child. The date on the teapot was 1825. Its history is a mystery.

Harrison Warner, aged 89 who has some reputation as a pedestrian, left McConnellsville, O., recently for Baltimore, intending to push a wheelbarrow the entire distance. He expected to make the trip in 18 days.

"I see that a soda-water trust is talked of," remarked a Pittsburger to his best girl as they quaffed the sweet atmosphere. "Ah," she replied; "then if they would only trust us for ice cream, too, how nice it would be."

The Directors of the Provincial Bank of Ireland have issued a decree that no clerk in their employ receiving less than $750 a year shall be allowed to marry. A similar rule is in force in some of the principal London banks.

A new industry has sprung up in Kansas—that of collecting old tinware, which is used at the Argentine smelter for fluxing purposes. An industrious man can gather up a ton of it a day, which brings $2.75 delivered at the railroad.

Dreams go by contraries, except in the early morning, when yet the dew but gently kisses the flowers and the song of the gladsome bird fills the air with melody, you dream that the flies are biting you in forty-seven places at once.

An Englishman who insulated his bedstead by placing underneath each post a broken-off bottle says he had not been free from rheumatism or gout for fifteen years, and that he began to improve immediately after the application of the insulators.

A man named Fields, who has just died near Danville, Ky., never, it is said, though 67 years old, slept a single night out of the house in which he was born, and never ate but one meal away from home. He was outside of his native county but twice, and then only for an hour each time.

Philip Hensen, a planter residing near Corinth, Miss., is believed to be the possessor of the longest beard in the world. He is a man of unusual stature, standing nearly six and one-half feet in his stockings; notwithstanding this, his beard reaches to the ground when he is standing erect. This remarkable growth is but fourteen years old.

Here are some interesting criminal statistics: In the last ten years 672 persons were committed for trial in England and Wales for the crime of wilful murder. Of these 299 were sentenced to death, 231 acquitted, and 142 adjudged insane. Of the 299 condemned to death 154 were executed and 145 had commutations of sentence; of the 299 there were 50 women, of whom 9 were hanged.

While Robert Wilson, living near Columbiana, Ala., was plowing in an old field lately, he unearthed a tin box containing $950 in gold and $25 in silver. The place was formerly owned by an old gentleman, who always buried his money when he got drunk. It is supposed there is more somewhere on the farm, as he was wealthy, and all his money has never been accounted for.

One of the largest bears ever killed in Wyoming was shot a few days ago by a ranchman near Laramie Peak. Bruin had been playing havoc among the cattle. He had killed a cow, upon which he had feasted once or twice, but when he returned again to take another meal he found serious business ahead of him. Dressed the monster weighed 1068 pounds. From the nose to the end of its tail it measured nine feet.

Emperor William seriously objects to being stared at, particularly at church. He has issued a Cabinet order in which he says that "from the moment I enter church until I leave hundreds of eyes are, to my great annoyance, fixed on me. I desire at least to be able to isolate myself for a few moments at divine service Sundays. All those who desire to look at me can do so during my daily rides and drives in the Thiergarten or 'Unter den Linden.'"

Says an Indianapolis clergyman—"Were I to make a picture of Satan, I should make the face and form of an imperiously gracious, magnetic, fascinating, winning gentleman, of commanding intellect, of courtly presence, of rare attractions. I should have nothing repulsive, save that indescribable seal which hatred of God and good and truth leaves always on the face, not always seen and recognized, and that generally escapes the unwary and inexperienced."

Recent Book Issues.

"Fruits and How to Use Them," is a useful and practical Manual for Housekeepers containing nearly 700 recipes for the wholesome preparation of Foreign and Domestic Fruits, by Mrs. Hester M. Poole. Price $1. Fowler & Wells Co., Publishers, 775 Broadway, New York. The volume is neat and compact in form and in style, and the arrangement shows the hand of an experienced writer on topics affecting the home and family.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

St. Nicholas for May begins with one of Miss Alice Maude Ewell's characteristic sketches of Virginian colonial life, called "The Passing of General Bacon." It is illustrated by Biren, one of the pictures forming the frontispiece of the number. Walter Camp, author of the papers on "Intercollegiate Foot-ball," begins a series of eminently practical articles on baseball, called "Bat, Ball, and Diamond." Mr. Giave, the African explorer, continues his narrative of "Six Years in the Wilds of Central Africa." Lieutenant Fletcher's charming story of "Marjorie and her Papa," is also continued, and is delightful reading for both young and old. "Lady Jane," Mrs. C. V. Jamison's serial of life in New Orleans, is a beautiful story of child-life. "Crowded Out o' Croffield" loses none of attractiveness, but continues full of incident and life. Besides the features mentioned may be named "A Submarine Ramble," by Charles Frederick Holder, "In the Lumber Woods," an interesting account of lumbering in the Northwest; two dog stories by L. N. Chapin and Helen E. Hastings, and pictures by W. Taber and H. P. Share, and other stories, sketches, poetry, pictures, etc. The Century Company, New York.

THE EFFECTS OF LOVE.—A sad case has just come to a close in the Vienna criminal courts. In the District of Hagozzi, near Rovigno, lived a farmer, aged fifty-two, with his two sons. They were happy enough together till a peasant girl of eighteen, named Lucia, came as a servant. Lucia was a pretty girl, and both father and eldest son fell in love with her.

Stormy scenes passed between father and son until, to put a stop to them, the father determined to dismiss the girl. One morning, when all except the son were asleep, the father saddled his horse and rode to Rovigno. Toward evening his horse, still saddled, but without bridle and riderless, trotted into the little courtyard. A search was made for the father and his body was found in a wood in a pool of blood.

Five wounds in his head left little doubt as to the manner of his death. Suspicion fell upon his son, the motive being jealousy of the servant. He denied any connection with the murder, and sought to incriminate the servants, but after a patient trial the jury pronounced him guilty, and the judge sentenced him to death.

BUYING CANDOR.—The following story is told of Congressman Taulbee, of Kentucky, who was shot lately by Charles Kincaid: An old colored man, called Uncle Eph, had lived in the Taulbee family many years and was considered an honest and faithful old servant. After the election for Congressman, Taulbee having been a candidate, he was taunted by some of his opponents with the statement that Uncle Eph had voted against him. Loath to believe it, he called old Eph into his room and said:

"Uncle Eph, is it true that you voted against me at the election?"

"Yes, Massa William," replied Eph; "I voted de 'Publican ticket.

"Well," said Taulbee, "I like frankness, and here's a dollar for your candor."

The old colored man stood scratching his head, when Taulbee asked:

"Well, Eph, what is it?"

"Well, Massa Taulbee," said Eph, "if you is buying candor you owes me fo' dollars mo', kase I voted again ye five times."

THE FEET:—"Did you know that men take more care of their feet than do women?" said a dealer. The writer said he had not noticed that such was true, and the dealer continued: "You notice the feet of men and women on any stormy or wet day, and I will wager that you find that more men than women wear rubbers. Of course one naturally thinks why this is so. I do not believe it is due to the meanness of the gentler sex. Not at all. It is to be credited to their vanity. They will not wear overshoes or the like simply because they make their feet look large. There are some men about as silly, but many people, you must know, have to decline wearing rubbers because they swell the feet and make them very uncomfortable."

DEFENCES OF PRISONERS.

THERE is a popular notion that criminals often display remarkable ingenuity in their defence. This belief is founded upon the comparatively few cases to which special prominence is given in the press, and upon extra judicial comments of the kind attributed to one magistrate who is said to have addressed a convicted prisoner in the following lucid terms: "Nature has endowed you with great ingenuity, instead of which you go about stealing potatoes."

It occasionally happens that ignorance causes a person to blunder upon a defence that appears to be the outcome of ingenuity or of craft. Not many weeks ago a woman complained to a magistrate that her husband had deserted her two days after the wedding—"because he was very drunk when the ceremony was performed." A cynic has observed that very few men are in possession of their faculties when they make an offer of marriage.

It was not ingenuity, or native philosophy, so much as imperfect education in the doctrine of the right of private property, that prompted a young man, charged at the police court with stealing a coat, to affirm in his defence the general principle that "when a man has two coats he ought to give away." There was, however, ingenuity of more than ordinary character in the plea of the party tried.

"Well, gentlemen of the court, began," this gentleman, "what do you charge me with? I went into the house, it is true. I was hungry; I was thirsty; nay, I was delirious. In fact, it was our old familiar friend, whisky, that did it. I was but the instrument. If I took the umbrella, and we ill assume, for argument's sake, that I did, I was quite unconscious. That, gentlemen, is the head and front of my offending."

During the trial he broke out into poetry, which it is a pity should remain buried in the public archives.

When confronted by the accuser, he struck a theatrical attitude and exclaimed (giving his real name)—

"Lady, look me straight in the face,
I am but the wreck of a royal race.
Of fortune and friends they have bereft me.
I am John Anthony M—; that's all that's left me."

Asked why he quitted the drapery business, his reply was—

"Thereby hangs a tale.
One evening in May as the setting sun shone,"
The shop it was there, and John Anthony gone."

A catalogue of his many peccadilloes inspired him with the compensatory couplet—

"Oh, if all my meritorious deeds were stated,
They'd more than balance all you have enumerated."

These gems, rescued from the newspaper tomb, are but specimens of the hundred or more dropped by the prisoner before his soliloquy on the way to jail—

"Then, John Anthony, my boy, after all your journeyings to and fro, and all the pleasant nights and days we've spent together, I fear very much that your sun has at length set, and set for ever."

A brilliant, though not very scrupulous, lawyer was engaged for the defence of a man charged with larceny. The evidence against his client being strong, the solicitor told him that his only chance of escape was to plead insanity, and advised him to play the lunatic by answering every question with the single word "Spoons." The prisoner, having taken his place in the dock, was asked by the clerk to plead guilty or not guilty.

"Spoons!" replied the prisoner, with a blank stare upon his haggard face.

"Come, answer my question. Guilty or not guilty?" repeated the clerk.

"Spoons!" bellowed the prisoner.

At this point, the lawyer intervened, and pointed out that his client was not responsible for his actions.

"Do you understand the question?" asked the magistrate.

"Spoons!" was the answer.

The prisoner was discharged as insane, and handed over to the care of his friends. The lawyer, elated at the success of his ruse, congratulated the prisoner, and hinted that the moment had arrived for payment.

"Spoons!" exclaimed his grateful client.

Ingenuity, as already pointed out, comes more frequently from the lawyer's benches than from the dock. A scrupulous lawyer would, of course, never think of openly committing himself by suggesting a line of defence that he knew to be false, though the legal code of ethics is not so strict as to preclude a lawyer from concealing his knowledge of the guilt of his client. An advocate of considerable talent was once retained for the defence of a man charged with murder.

"Let us see," said the lawyer, "you killed your cousin, didn't you? Was he the only one?"

"The only one," replied the prisoner.

"That's a pity. If you had made away with the whole family we might have pleaded insanity."

VALUE OF RARE BOOKS.—It is by no means easy to say what book will not become rare nowadays. A volume that has a limited circulation and is liable to be destroyed always has a chance of acquiring fame in this direction. That is why some children's have become so exceedingly scarce. And probable for a similiar reason "Bradshaw's Railway Guide" is now numbered among the rare ones. Of course, it is not to be supposed that the monthly numbers of this perplexing periodical have any value over and above their published price, but the early numbers, published well-nigh half a century ago, are worth money.

I saw an early number in a bookseller's catalogue the 'other day, priced at thirty-five shillings. But the very first number is wonderfully difficult to meet with, and would probably command as much as five or six pounds. Of course it is only its extreme scarcity that makes it so valuable. For it would be impossible to conceive drier and more uninteresting reading than the railway time tables of fifty years ago. Old local guide-books, and by-gone road books by Petterson and Carey are now becoming sought after; but of course there is more interest attaching to such works than to antique railway time tables.

AN UNBIDDEN GUEST.—There was an unbidden guest, says a Washington paper, at the First Police Precinct the other afternoon, who was found lying on the soft side of an iron bench when an officer went to put a prisoner in cell No. 1. The intruder was an intoxicated negro who had come in through the back door of the station house during the afternoon and entered the cell, which he was no doubt familiar with, to sleep off the effects of his potations. The officer did not arouse the happy sleeper, but quickly turned the key on him, and when he got up to leave later in the day he was surprised to find that he was "caged."

"I've often heard of prisoners breaking out of prisons," remarked Mr. Gessford, the station clerk, "but I never heard of one breaking in before."

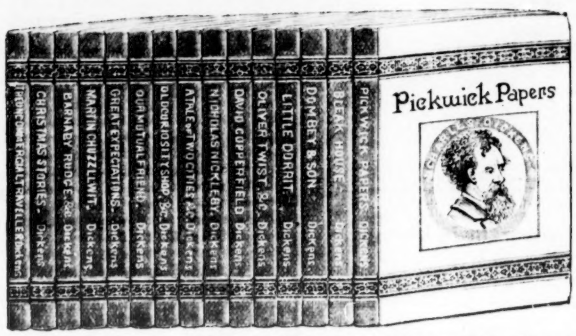
The negro was discharged when he had sobered up.

COST OF A BUFFALO HEAD.—Ten years ago a good buffalo head sold from $15 to $40. The price now ranges from $75 to $400. There has not been a green buffalo head in Denver for three years. But it is expected that Buffalo Jones's domestic buffalo herd in Kansas will occasionally add a new head to the market. Rocky Mountain sheep are not very numerous; and the handsome head of that animal brings from $35 to $100. Mountain sheep are sold in pairs, when the taxidermist has saved the whole animal, and they sell for $350 a pair. Elk heads sell from $35 to $300 each. Grizzly bear rugs bring from $35 to $200 each, black bear as high as $75.

Upbraid not the penitent.

FREE! FREE!

CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS!



Good Paper! Clear Print! Neat Binding!

The usual price for the cheapest set of Dickens Novels has heretofore been $10 00. Owing to the present low price of printing paper and a very large contract with a leading book manufacturer we are enabled to offer our readers the most extraordinary bargain in good literature ever heard of.

15 Handsomely Made, Convenient Sized Books.

Dickens' Works are the most widely read of any novels printed in any language. The popularity of Dickens is ever increasing and every person should own a full set of his works. Charles Dickens is eminently the novelist of the people. No person is well read who has not perused his works.

HOW TO GET THEM.

Send us six (6) *three months* trial subscribers at 50 cents each and we will send you the entire 15 Volumes free of all charges as a premium.

If preferred a complete set of 25 *Waverly Novels* in 12 Volumes will be sent instead of Dickens' Works.

A trial subscriber is a New One, and must be a person who is not now on our subscription list.

NOT CHEAP, TRASHY BOOKS!

These VOLUMES are each about 5x7¼ inches in size and of uniform thickness. The printing is clear and the type of a readable size. They are printed from plates made for this edition. NOT CONDENSED OR ABRIDGED.

Never before has the opportunity been presented for securing so much valuable reading matter for so small an amount, or with as little trouble. Ask six of your acquaintances to try THE POST *three months* or 13 weeks. Send us their names and addresses with 50 cents for each, and secure a complete set of either Dickens or Waverly Novels. Send in your order at once.

The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia. Pa.

Humorous.

ANOTHER VICTIM.

The moonlight shone on the drifting snow,
And the night was calm and still;
The old horse walked, but they let him go
At his own sweet will.

There was no object to them, just then;
They were willing the horse should walk,
For her lover to her was a king among men,
And she wanted to talk.

So they dragged along at a snail-like pace,
While she deftly spread her net,
Till at last they came to a dangerous place,
And the sleigh upset.

She landed head-first in a ten-foot drift,
And the old horse ran away;
But first he gave his hind feet a lift,
And demolished the sleigh.

She got some snow down the back of her neck,
But she didn't get enraged;
For before he had got her out of the wreck
She had got engaged.

SOMERVILLE.

What is more valuable when it is upside down?—The figure 6.

Digga: "A man who drinks is a donkey." "Biggs: "May be that's why his friends say 'ears' to you."

Never make love in a corn-field. Remember that corn has ears, and is easily shocked. You should make an out of this.

At a private house where they do a great deal of fancy-work and keep a white poodle, an innocent visitor asked, "Who knit the dog?"

Young physician, diagnosing a case: "In the first place, sir, you must drink less coffee."

Patient: "I never drink any coffee at all, sir."

Young physician, considerably annoyed: "Well, you ought to."

A.: "I am very hard up and want money badly."

B.: "Why not write to some of your friends?"

A.: "That's the trouble—I have too many friends. I wish I knew a stranger."

Doctor, to nervous patient: "What! You are afraid of being buried before life is extinct? Nonsense. You take what I prescribe, and drive such foolish notions out of your head. Such a thing never happens with my patients."

A little 4-year-old begged his mother to take him to a ball. She said he could not dance. "Yes, I can dance," rejoined the little fellow; "and my way is more difficult than your way. I dance alone, but you have to be holded up."

Uncle: "Go and get me a glass of water, please, Tommy."

Tommy hesitates.

Uncle: "Now, Tommy."

Tommy. "But I don't like to leave you alone with the cake, uncle."

Little Johnny had been told he must be punished, but that he must choose between a whipping and being shut up in a dark closet. After a moment's painful thought, he said, "Well, papa, if mamma'll do it, I think I'll be whipped; but, if you are going to whip me, I think I'll be shut up."

A well known mustard manufacturer who is immensely rich was once—so the story goes—asked how it was possible for him to have amassed a fortune and out of such a trifling article as mustard. "Ah!" he said, with a knowing wink, "it's not the quantity of mustard people eat; it's what they leave on their plate."

A reporter of a Chicago paper once mentioned an intelligent craftsman as a "thinking tailor;" but the compositor who had the manuscript made him appear as a "thieving tailor." The proof-reader was of course responsible for the error; but the vengeance of the irate tailor was visited upon the unfortunate reporter.

The children were making a great racket just outside their father's door, the father being at work in his study. Rushing out at them he cried, in no very gentle tones:

"What an abominable noise you're making! Who was it shouted the loudest?"

Children, in chorus: "You, papa."

Mrs. Singleton: "How is business down at the factory, John?"

Mr. Singleton: "Thriving, my dear. We put in a new engine last week—twenty-horse power."

"Twenty horse power! Oh, John, I must come down and see the lovely creatures. You know I am so very fond of horses!"

"I tell you, my fat friend, you have no business in that boat," said Theodore Hook one day to a fat man in a dinger on the Thames.

"No business in this boat, sir? What d'ye mean?"

"I mean what I say," cooly responded Hook. "You have no busines in it, and I will prove it."

"I think, sir, you will prove no such thing," said the stout man. "Perhaps you don't know this is my own pleasure boat?"

"That's it," said Hook. "Now you have it. No man can have any business in a pleasure boat. Good day, sir."

A physician has to bear the banter of his medical friends on account of a natural mistake that he made recently. A patient called to be treated for a severe cold. He described his trouble at length, and the doctor advised him to go home and soak his feet in hot water.

"That will do no good," was the reply of the sick man.

"How is that?" asked the doctor, a little put out.

"My legs are cork," said he, with a smile.

The doctor did not fail to appreciate the force of the reply.

Too much cannot be said against the cruelty of forcing children's feet into short and narrow toed boots. Many children, before they are ten years old have incipient corns caused by foolish pride, or carelessness on the part of the Mother. And as for putting the ordinary corset on a growing miss, it is an outrage against nature, and without excuse, as *Corset Waists* can be found at every leading retail store. The Ferris "Good Sense" waist is undoubtedly the most satisfactory.

AN EXTRAORDINARY NEWSPAPER.—An exceedingly well-managed newspaper is published twice a week in Paris, and wholly supported by professional beggars. It deals neither in politics nor literature, but devotes the whole of its attention exclusively to the practical interests of its readers. It contains advertisements to the following effect:

"To-morrow at noon the funeral service of a very wealthy man will be held at the Madeleine."

"At one o'clock a fashionable wedding at the Trinity Church."

"Wanted, a blind man to play the flute."

"Wanted, to engage, a cripple for a seaside resort. Good references and a small deposit required."

This last announcement is not by any means to be regarded as a hoax. At the seaside the plundering of the visitors is carried to extremes with genuine French refinement. They are robbed by the excessive hotel charges, high fees to porters, etc., and the little gambling booths in the casinos. But this is not all. The proprietors of hotels and lodging houses assume quite correctly that the visitors would be disposed to give alms if an opportunity were afforded them, and as they cannot very well do the begging themselves, they engage professional beggars to whom they grant permission to solicit alms on the premises, and who in return pay them half of the daily receipts. The above advertisement has reference to an arrangement of this kind.

HINDOO WIDOWS.—A strange incident occurred in Bombay recently. A monster meeting of Hindoo barbers was held for the purpose of considering the question of the impropriety of shaving the heads of Hindoo widows, and thereby disfiguring them for life.

About 400 barbers having assembled, one of them, named Babajee More, read a pamphlet in Mahratti, in which he stated that the barbers of old where happy and contented, but latterly, as though a curse had descended on their heads, trade had fallen off and they had become poor.

The curse could only be accounted for by the fact that they were committing a great sin in shaving the heads of poor, innocent widows, thus depriving them of their best ornament.

It was against the Hindoo Scriptures to deprive a widow of her hair, and doubtless it was the curses of the widows that had lowered their calling.

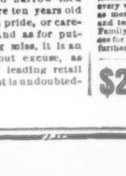
The meeting thereupon unanimously resolved that no barber should shave a widow's head, and that if he did he should be excommunicated.

A FAMOUS LADY TIGER KILLER.—The pursuit of "the grand sport" in India has brought to the front a lady tiger killer of great skill and prowess in the person of Mrs. Evans Gordon. This fearless lady, as a member of the recent Cooch Behar hunting expedition, shot an angry tigress which was rushing viciously upon the party, and was actually within a few yards of her elephant's trunk. Her shot, we are told, was so well timed as it was well aimed, for the other guns engaged, including that of the lady sportsman's husband, Major Evans Gordon, had failed to stop the furious brute. It is added that this brilliant achievement adds one more to the many laurels and trophies already won by this dauntless lady in the hunting grounds of Cooch Behar.

THE ordinary treatment of children is in various ways seriously prejudicial. It errs in deficient feeding, in deficient clothing, in deficient exercise—among girls at least—and in excessive mental application. Considering the *regime* as a whole, its tendency is too exacting—it asks too much and gives too little. In the extent to which it taxes the vital energies it makes the juvenile life much more like the adult life than it should be.

Many people are led by their vices, but a great many more follow them without any leading at all.

Watch these columns 2 or 3 weeks for a Voice from Pennsylvania.



PORTRAIT OF GOODWIN
From a Photograph.

A VOICE from New York says: "I have now been selling your albums for six days and in no day has my profit been less than $7. On some days I have made a cash profit of over $20. John K. Goodwin, Troy, New York.

On account of a forced manufacturer's sale **125,000 ten dollar Photograph Albums** are to be sold to the people for **$2** each. Bound in Royal Crimson Silk Velvet Plush. Charmingly decorated inside. Handsomest albums in the world. Largest size. Greatest bargains ever known. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Big money for agents. Any one can become a successful agent. Sells itself on sight—little or no talking necessary. Wherever shown, everyone wants to purchase. Agents take hundreds and thousands of orders with rapidity never before known. Great profits await every worker. Agents are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men. You, reader, can do as well as any one. Full information and terms free, together with particulars and terms for our Family Bibles, Books and Periodicals. Better write us at once and see for yourself. After you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done. Address, ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Maine.

$230 *A MONTH. Agents Wanted.* Without solicitation we mail particulars of the best selling articles in the world. Samples Free. Address *N. A. MARSH, Detroit, Mich.*

CATARRH HAY FEVER CATARRHAL DEAFNESS

A NEW TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been discovered which permanently cures the most aggravated cases of these distressing diseases by a few simple applications made (new weeks apart) by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent *free* by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.

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All kinds of Clubs, Schools, Academies, &c.

We make GOLD PINS and CHARMS, MEDALS, &c., from all adapted, or special designs, at very reasonable prices.

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for Organizations, and for Balls and Excursion purposes, which are noted for their fine execution.

If this Paper is mentioned we will send illustrations of whatever kind you wish to see on application

H. G. OESTERLE & CO.,

No. 224 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

25¢ PRINTING OUTFIT.

A WHOLE PRINTING OUTFIT, COMPLETE AND PRACTICAL, as shown in cut. 3 Alphabets of rubber Type, Bottle of Indelible Ink, Pad, Tweezers, in neat case with catalogue and directions. "HOW TO BE A PRINTER." Sent up any name, printed cards, paper, envelopes, etc., marks linen. Worth 50c. The best gift for young people. Postpaid only 25c. 3 for 50c. Circ'l. Agts wanted. Ingersoll & Bro., 65 Cortlandt St. N. Y. City.

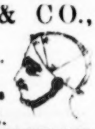
25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

STOUT PEOPLE! WEIGHT REDUCED WITHOUT STARVATION DIET. Treatise & instruction for 6 stamps. E. LYNTON, 19 Park Place, New York

JUST IMPORTED FROM EUROPE. Complete Sets of beautiful Pictures, wonderfully executed in finest colors by German artists. Entire novelty, send only 25c. silver or stamps. European Specialty Co., P.O. Box 879 Montreal, Pq.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia. Premier Artists IN HAIR.



Inventors of the celebrated **GODMAKER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream,** to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 30, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

JAMES B. CHANDLER,
No. 356 Chestnut Street.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

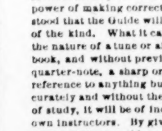
GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT. Benefits in a day. Sent (sealed) free by mail, Illustrated, Pamphlet, 50 pages. Recommended by 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

SALESMEN WANTED at once. A few good men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in our line. Liberal salary paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, &c. For terms address Centennial Mfg. Co., Chicago.



TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play **IMMEDIATELY** twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child of it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of *FIFTY* CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

It is curious to watch Paris fashions and to see how each year there is an attempt to revive tartans and checks. The check used here is a bright one—red, light blue, and white—the frock opening ove a full smocked red silk front, the smocking appearing at the throat and waist. This is a style that has prevailed for some time; what is new is the arrangement of this front. At the hem it is gathered into a foot pleating, so that the upper part forms a *bouillonne*.

There is a sash bow of red at the back; the sleeves are new—full red sleeves to the wrist, where they are smocked, and have long over checked ones to the elbow; but only to the elbow, which makes them pretty and quaint. The accompanying hat turns up over the face, showing a red velvet lining, but the bows over the brim are of soft red silk matching the front of the skirt.

Jacket fronts are a marked feature of the new waists, made to fall open over a folded vest, that has also an inner vest or plastron of another fabric. The pointed fronts made very full and girdled are used again for lace and thin silks, and the blouse or shirt front will be used for summer gowns. Lapped fronts and the pointed wool fronts opening over velvet or silk in vandykes, remain in favor.

The basque of Paris gowns differ from English bodices in having the tail part rounded in the seams below the waist, and edged with welting cords. The Louis Quinze coat, with the fronts sloping deep on the hips, is the bodice for some very elegant dresses.

The divided skirt introduced by Lady Halberton in England finds comparatively few adherents among New York women. The full plaited garment of silk or pongee is in two parts fitted over the limbs, but concealing them in excess of drapery. The greatest danger in the new dress arises from the tendency of silk to cling and the excess of drapery on a windy day to wind around the limbs and encumber the wearer in walking.

A lady gives the *Tribune* an amusing description of being wound up in her skirt while crossing the footpath of the Brooklyn Bridge. There was a stiff breeze blowing, and she suddenly found herself entangled in her winding skirts. Every effort she made to walk added to her embarrassment. She finally settled down to the belief that she would have to wait till the breeze calmed, but after a long struggle she reached land with crimson cheeks and a conviction that every one who saw her knew why she was hobbling in such a ridiculous way. It cured her as a dress-reformer.

The prediction that one and two button gloves are again to be worn does not seem at all improbable when the rapidly increasing length of sleeves is taken into consideration.

Some of the leading ladies' tailors are now braiding the sleeves of jackets to match the collars, with excellent effect.

Gaiters matching the costume, or made of fine, black cloth, in most cases lined with satin, will be worn with walking shoes the coming supper, it is said. While answering the same purpose as boots, they are cooler and much more comfortable.

Patch veils, with large velvet wafer so placed that they appear upon the brow, the chin and one cheek, are much favored by young English ladies just now.

Shaded "cameo" effects in satins are new Stripes formed of tiny birds are also a pretty feature of new silk fabrics.

Lace shoulder capes seem likely to be in high favor for the late spring and summer wear. Especially pretty ones are finished with a collar of ribbon loops, producing a Vandyke affect.

The fashion of piercing the hair with small, double pronged pins at opposite angles is growing, and some very pretty chased styles are being introduced.

A perfectly plain corsage is so rare as to cause remark. Shirring, gathers, tucks and plaits are all used to produce the fashionable full effect, being arranged to suit individual taste. Round, square and Vandyked yokes are all popular.

It is not unusual to make the sleeves of solid colored cashmere waists of bright Scotch plaid surah, and a costume of dark green Henrietta cloth had sleeves of bright red velvet.

Collarettes of mull, silk muslin or crepe de Chine, in delicate tints, with straight or scalloped edges, can be bought by the yard and are used for the neck and sleeves of simple home toilets.

Young ladies of bright, fresh complexion find the Scotch tartan plaids, in bright mixtures, very becoming. They are usually made up with leg o'-mutton sleeves of black or green velvet, and V-shaped panels of the velvet are placed upon the underskirts. They are also brightened somewhat by garnitures of gilt braid and gilt buttons.

Rich promenade costumes of black faille simply made, but lavishly trimmed with jet, are noted these cool spring days, and a favorite wrap to wear with such gowns is an open jacket of blue, lichen green, heliotrope, tan or ecru cloth.

Very showy materials are being made up for seaside wear. Among them we note fine serges in two colors of large plaided checks, which are to be made up on the bias. This design, in dark blue and pale yellow, is a fair example of the present taste for striking effects.

Crepe de Chine will be the favored material for dressy wear the coming summer. It seems to have usurped the place of India silks. In jardiniere patterns, draped over plaitings of point d'esprit veiling on colored satin, the effect is charming.

White embroidery upon pale pink or blue Chambery is preferred by many to all white gowns. Black embroidery on white, or white on black, is much favored by ladies who wear light mourning.

Black jerseys trimmed in fanciful fashion, with gold or silver braid, are a vast improvement upon the plain and rather sombre-looking garments. Others of French gray, with white front braided to match, are very dressy; yachting jerseys of dark blue, braided with white, suggest a succession of nautical delights. All the evening shades are represented and many are furnished with all the puffings and shirrings that usually designate the most elaborate corsages and others of black are richly beaded. But a still prettier specimen of all others is of cream white cashmere with tight fitting back and blouse front, full sleeves and sailor collar.

Buckles in antique and oxidized silver, steel, smoked pearl, jet and jeweled effects are all the go and the popular shape is a palm leaf.

A parasol of red India silk, with spider web designs in white, rustic handle and red silk and tassel, is a pretty novelty.

Fans are actual works of art. A charming specimen shown of rich black lace, hand-painted, with delicate apple blossoms and mounted on the silver sticks. Another is of chocolate colored bolting cloth, with sandal-wood sticks and finest brush work. Still another, as odd as it is pretty, is of red turkey quills traced with gold, mounted on gold stick and finished with bow and loops of rich red ribbon.

India silks are elaborately made up and very much trimmed with lace and ribbons.

Parasols of white bolting cloth with elaborate puffings of white crepe de Chine and enameled white handles are especially ornate.

White sailor hats with lace, straw crowns and straight Milan brains appeal on sight the fancy of young and pretty lady shoppers.

One elegant gown in particular has skirts of cameo pink silk artistically draped with French gray figured crepe de Chine. A side panel is formed by four parallel rows of wide French gray ribbon perpendicularly placed on the left side of the skirt. The left side of the bodice is pink, the right side draped in folds toward the left and and terminating in a handsome buckle, being a symphony in gray. The full sleeves are of crepe with elbow puffs of pink. Both colors are combined in the standing collars and the costume is a real work of art. One house is now selling beaded silk capes in black and all colors at five dollars—a special bargain, of which ladies desiring a neat and dressy wrap should hasten to avail themselves.

A canoe-shaped hat of almost universal becomingness is the "Julie," in black Neapolitan with rosette bow of black gauze ribbon, gold pins and embroidery.

A very natty coat for home or visiting wear is the yachting jacket, striped or plain.

Odds and Ends.

HINTS IN ILLNESS.

To Disinfect a Room.—Spread out and hang upon lines all articles of clothing or bedding, well close the fireplace, windows, and all openings, then take from a quarter to half a pound of brimstone, broken in small pieces; put it into an iron dish, supported over a pail of water, and set fire to it by putting some live coals on it, then close the door, stopping all crevices, and allow the room to remain shut up for twenty-four hours. At the end of this time the room should be freely ventilated by opening doors, windows, and fireplace; the ceiling should be white washed, the paper stripped from the walls and burnt, and the furniture and all wood and painted work washed with soap and water containing a little chloride of lime. Beds, mattresses, and those articles which cannot well be washed, should, if possible, be submitted to a heat of between 210 to 250 degrees (Fahrenheit), for two hours or more in a disinfecting chamber.

The following disinfecting fluids may be found of service:

1. Sulphate of iron, one pound; water one gallon.
2. Chloride of lime, one pound; water, one gallon.
3. Carbolic acid (No. 4), five ounces; water, one gallon.
4. Condy's red fluid, one part; water, fifty parts.
5. Condy's green fluid, one part; water, thirty parts.

When the disinfection is to be carried out in connection with fevers, chloride of lime, Condy's fluid, or carbolic acid are the best substances. If linen is being disinfected chloride of lime cannot be used on account of its corroding the texture. Condy's fluid is in this case the best thing to be used.

It may, some day or other, fall to the lot of any one of our girl readers to be asked by the doctor to make and apply a poultice to some afflicted member of the family. The doctor will probably say, "Just let him have such and such a poultice."

She will look extremely silly and feel very uncomfortable if she cannot make a poultice and has to ask for particulars about a thing that she should be familiar to her in her domestic economy. I therefore append an account of how to make the more common forms of poultices and other hot applications.

Poultices are generally made of linseed meal, mustard, or bread; linseed, besides being used separately, is sometimes used in combination.

Linseed Poultices.—Boil, not merely warm, your water, and with some of it heat a basin; having heated it, pour out the water and pour in fresh boiling water, into this sprinkle the meal, stirring the whole time with a large knife, until the whole thing is of the consistency of porridge. Have by your side a strip of linen or tow of the size required, into this turn out the mixture rapidly, and spread about one-eighth to a quarter of an inch thick, and smear the surface with a little olive oil, to prevent sticking; turn in the edges to prevent escape of moisture; fold, and take it to the bedside.

To Apply.—The poultice should be covered with a layer of cotton wool and fixed on with a flannel bandage, and should be changed, if applied to the chest as a continuous poultice, every four hours. Care should be exercised in seeing that the patient gets no chill in the changing of the poultices, the new one being quite ready to go on before the old one is taken off. Never put on a poultice which is uncomfortably hot to the patient, as one may in this way blister the skin. If a poultice of greater pungency be needed, mustard may be added in the proportion to the meal of 1 2 or 1-1, as required.

Mustard Poultices, Mustard Plasters, Sinapisms.—These may be mixed in a similar manner to the foregoing, hot or cold water being used, and the mustard being spread on brown paper. A thin fold of muslin is laid over the mustard, and the edges of the paper are turned over. When the plaster is removed, the part should be covered either by cotton or a piece of soft linen, such as a handkerchief. The reason the muslin covering is used is to prevent particles of mustard remaining on the skin of the patient.

Bread Poultices.—Cut a piece of bread which should have no crust, and place it in a cup; over this pour boiling water, let it stand a short while, then drain the excess of water; place the poultice in a piece of muslin, then apply as in the case of linseed. Cold bread poultices are made in a similar way, cold water being used. Olive oil may be spread on these poultices to keep them moist and prevent them sticking, but if this oil be not to hand lard may be used.

Although poultices have a greater power of retaining heat, a much cleaner and more elegant method of applying warmth is the so-called hot fomentation or hot compress. The following is the method of preparing such a fomentation:

Articles Required.—A flannel bandage a large piece of cotton wool, a piece of oil silk, a double thickness of flannel a little smaller than the oil silk.

Method of Preparing and Application.—Take a basin, and over it place a towel; into the towel lay your flannel, and pour boiling water over it; wring thoroughly out. Apply to the part affected. Cover the flannel with the oil silk, and on this place the cotton wool. Bandage lightly. It is important that the oil silk should overlap the flannel at all points to prevent evaporation.

Confidential Correspondents.

DEBATE.—Unless some rule is made fixing a smaller number a quorum of any deliberate body is one more than half the whole membership.

G. M. L.—The States classed as doubtful in a Presidential election are California, Connecticut, Indiana, New Jersey and New York.

BERT.—The title of General of the U. S. Army was created for Grant. It expired with Sheridan, to whom it was given shortly before his death.

REX.—A Marquis in Great Britain, France and Germany is next in rank to that of Duke, who is next to the Prince of Wales, according to the seniority of the patent.

PROPER.—The proper dress for a bridegroom for an afternoon wedding is black cutaway or frock coat, light trousers, light tie, light gloves, patent leather shoes and silk hat.

EDUCATION.—Pick up any publisher's catalogue, and you will find the names of a score of charming children's books; but we should recommend none of them. Books are good as an aid, but pray do not trust to them alone.

ANNIE.—We can find no absolute rule on the subject in any good book of etiquette. In large dinners, where the napkin is not to be used a second time, leave it by all means; in ordinary life the napkin is folded and returned to the ring of its owner.

A WILKINS.—The "hundred" is an English district which was supposed to be inhabited by one hundred families, and the name survives in many cases. Among the Saxons the factors of government were the family, the parish, the tithing, and the hundred.

CHEF.—The latest fashion is to have the fruit carried round to the guests (at a formal dinner party), melons and pineapples being cut up on a side table, bonbons and white china figures and candlesticks, fairy lights, and flowers monopolising the place of fruits.

R. R.—The troughs for supplying water for the engines of the express trains are placed between the rails. When water is required in the tender, the engineer lowers a scoop having a hollow pipe handle. The velocity of the train causes the water to rise up the pipe, and it then falls into the tender.

H. D. S.—To remove grease on a papered wall is very difficult, because the solvents of grease affect the colors of the paper. Rubbing with crumb of bread will be of service. To whiten the boards of a floor, put a piece of quicklime, the size of a walnut, into the water used for scrubbing. Do not use soda.

NELLIE MCAYR.—A simple rule, and easy to remember, is this: If there be a "c" in the word, on repeating the alphabet you will find that "e" stands in its order nearer to "c" than "i"; therefore place it next to it, and the "i" afterwards. Thus spell "receive" "ei," but spell "believe" "ie," for there is no "c."

B. S. E.—It is very needful to have fresh air during the night, as well as by day, and the register of the fireplace should be left open, if the window be completely closed. A simple way to secure air and avoid a draught is to have a piece of wood the length of the window, and about two inches deep, and insert it either at the top or bottom of the window, which will thus be left open in the centre, air thus being obtained without draughts.

J. M.—The cause of the loss of muscular sense, the weakness and numbness, occurring in a man of seventy years of age, especially associated with impairment of speech, is doubtless commencing paralysis. Nothing can be done except keeping the affected limbs very warm, avoiding all excitement, and anything, such as over-exertion or improper diet, likely to impair the general health. The stomach should be regulated with an occasional pill or dose of one of the mineral waters, and perhaps a tonic, such as quinine and iron, may be taken twice a day.

N. A. R.—Loss of voice may arise from several causes, but if there is no inherent defect in the vocal apparatus itself, such a disease of the larynx, it generally proceeds from debility, their nervous or consequent on some serious illness, such as scarlet or typhoid fevers, or diphtheria. The treatment in all these events would be the same, and would consist in tonic medicines and a very nourishing diet. In your case, perhaps, a tablespoonful of cod-liver oil and steel wine mixed might be taken twice a day. You should avoid cold and damp, and over-exertion of any kind.

NEWCASTLE.—There is no profession in which the up-hill fight at starting is so severe. We have known good men who worked on for as long as seven years without paying expenses. You have really done rather well, and you must be content to struggle on. It is unfortunate that so many poor fellows are willing to work for next to nothing, but that is the inevitable result of overcrowding. We should not advise you to ship in any of the great passenger steamers, for, though the pay is moderately good, yet a doctor can make a practice only by ceaseless attention, and if you went to sea you would have to begin all over again when you settled on shore. Keep a good heart, and at any rate struggle on for at least two years. Considering the pernicious credit system, we wonder that you succeed in drawing any cash at all. If a man is resolute and disdains tricks, his success usually comes all at once. Never miss a chance, for one lucky cure may make your fortune.

READER.—Explorer Stanley's real name was John Rowlands. He was born in Wales in 1840. He was placed in the poorhouse at St. Asaph when he was three years old, and remained there, being educated for ten years. In 1858 he sailed as a cabin boy to New Orleans, where he was adopted by a merchant, whose name he took instead of his own. The merchant died without leaving a will, and young Stanley enlisted in the Confederate army, was taken prisoner, and subsequently volunteered in the United States navy, serving as Active Ensign on the Ironsides. At the close of the war he went as newspaper correspondent to Turkey. In 1869 the New York "Herald" asked him to go in search of Livingstone, the African explorer, of whom nothing had been heard for two years. After attending the opening of the Suez Canal and visiting the Crimea, Palestine, Persia and India, Stanley sailed from Bombay on October 12, 1870, and reached Zanzibar early in January 1871. There he organized his search expedition, and set out for the interior of Africa on March 21, with 192 followers.